



Geronimo Stilton

A FABUMOUSE SCHOOL ADVENTURE



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Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton
A learned and brainy
mouse; editor of
The Rodent's Gazette



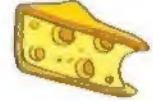
Thea Stilton
Geronimo's sister and
special correspondent at
The Rodent's Gazette



Trap Stilton
An awful joker;
Geronimo's cousin and
owner of the store
Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving
nine-year-old mouse;
Geronimo's favorite
nephew



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eISBN 978-0-545-39353-9

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Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

www.geronimostilton.com

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Original title *A scuola di formaggio!*

Cover by Giuseppe Ferrario

Illustrations by Alessandro Pastrovicchio

Graphics by Merenguita Gingermouse and Yuko Egusa

Special thanks to Kristin Earhart

Special thanks to Lidia Morson Tramontozzi

Interior design by Kay Petronio

First printing, July 2009



A VERY SPECIAL MORNING

It's true. I am not a morning mouse. But one **FALL** day, things got off to an especially bad start. Maybe it was because my **alarm clock** went off too early, or because I had to skip **breakfast**. Then again, maybe it was

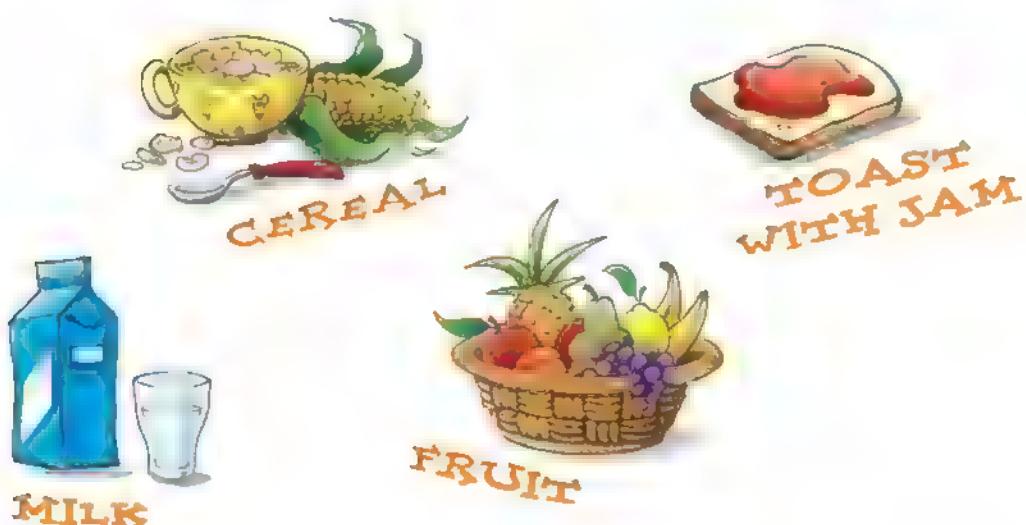




because I was in a mad rush. That morning just started off on the wrong paw: It was a typical **BAD DAY**. You know what I mean. It was one of those days when anything that could go wrong, did go wrong.

I'm the kind of mouse who likes a routine. In the morning, I wake up slowly, stretch lazily, cuddle back under my covers, and lounge for a while. I like to pick out my clothes carefully and then eat a **hearty**, leisurely breakfast before I leave for work.

I'm not the kind of mouse who **JUMPS**





out of bed at the crack of dawn and immediately **starts** doing yoga. No way!

As I was saying, that morning things seemed to be extra **topsy-turvy**.

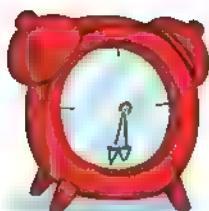
First, the alarm clock went off extra early. It rang at 6:30 A.M., an hour before I usually get up! I stretched my arm, turned it off, and turned over to catch a few more **Z Z Z**. I couldn't even think about getting up. It was



I'm NOT like this!



I'm like this!



just too early. But I knew I had to force myself out of bed, because it was a very **special** day for my nephew Benjamin! It was **CAREER DAY** at his school, and I had been invited to be a guest speaker. On Career Day, different people come in to talk about their jobs, and I was going to tell Benjamin's class about mine.

Oops, I'm sorry. I haven't told you what I do. I'm a **writer**, editor, and publisher. I publish the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island, *The Rodent's Gazette*. Everybody in New Mouse City reads it! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*.

If you want to know the truth, the thought of speaking in front of Benjamin's friends, his teachers, and the other guests made my tail **quiver**. It made my whiskers shaky and



my paws soggy with **sweat**! I'm a very **shy** mouse and I get terrible stage fright when I have to speak in front of people. I stammer and mix up words. I become clumsy. I get so frazzled I usually make a **FOOL** of myself! Nevertheless, I knew it was a very special day for Benjamin. I'd jump through flaming hoops for my nephew! I had to be super cool and smart, too.

“I'll make Benjamin proud!”



I'M NOT A MORNING MOUSE!

I was already stressed out about my speech. To ease my nerves, I took a deep breath and **repeated** these words: *I will not embarrass Benjamin. I am a smart, successful mouse.*

I was starting to **relax** when the phone rang. I jumped up to answer it and bumped my head on the shelf over my bed.

Ouch! What a nasty wake-up call!





I answered the phone. It was my sister, **Thea**.

“Geronimo, you’re still in bed, aren’t you?” she said. “**Hurry up!**

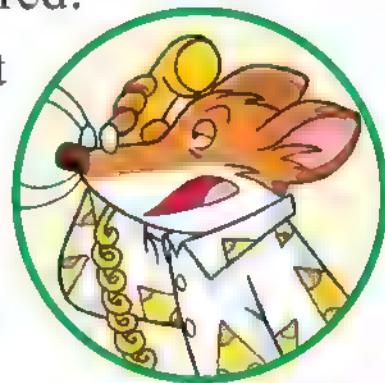
Don’t you remember what day it is?

Please, try not to look like a fool in front of everybody.

“Benjamin looks up to you!”

“I’m awake (almost),” I muttered.

“And, of course, I remember what day it is! Don’t worry, I have no intention of looking like a fool (but I usually end up looking like one anyway).”



I hung up the phone and sighed.

Now I was **nervous** all over again! I repeated my mousetra* aloud: “I will not embarrass Benjamin. I am a smart, successful mouse.”

When I finally found the oomph to get up,



it was 6:50. I had to move like a mouse in a rat race! That's when my cell phone rang. It was **Grandfather William**.



"Geronimo! Are you ready?" he asked. "You're not going to be late, are you? Of all days, not today! And I beg you, please don't make a fool of yourself.

"Benjamin really looks up to you."

"And above all, remember: The family's **good name** is at stake here, as well as that of *The Rodent's Gazette*!"

My whiskers got **all in a Knot** just listening to him.

"**OF COURSE**, Grandfather," I answered. "I know Benjamin looks up to me."

I tried to cut him off, but he went on and on for a full **TEN MINUTES**! I





had just hung up when the doorbell rang.

It was **Aunt Sweetfur**.

“Good morning, Geronimo,” she said. “I was just passing by and thought I’d stop in to say hello. I hope it’s not a bad time.”

“Thank you, Aunt Sweetfur,” I replied. “No, you’re not bothering me at all. Come right in.”

“I brought you something sweet to give you a little **courage**. I know how hard it is for you to talk in front of a crowd. But, please, try to do your very best.

Benjamin looks up to you!!

“It’s always a pleasure talking with you, Aunt Sweetfur, and your **sweets** are such a treat,” I told her.

She stopped in for ten minutes, which was enough time to leave me cheesecake cookies, a warm smile, and a couple of tips.



I was looking forward to **savoring** a rich and creamy cookie when I got a **text message**.

It was from **Petunia Pretty Paws**.



Wow, Petunia was so sweet to text me. And she had written **"see you soon!"**

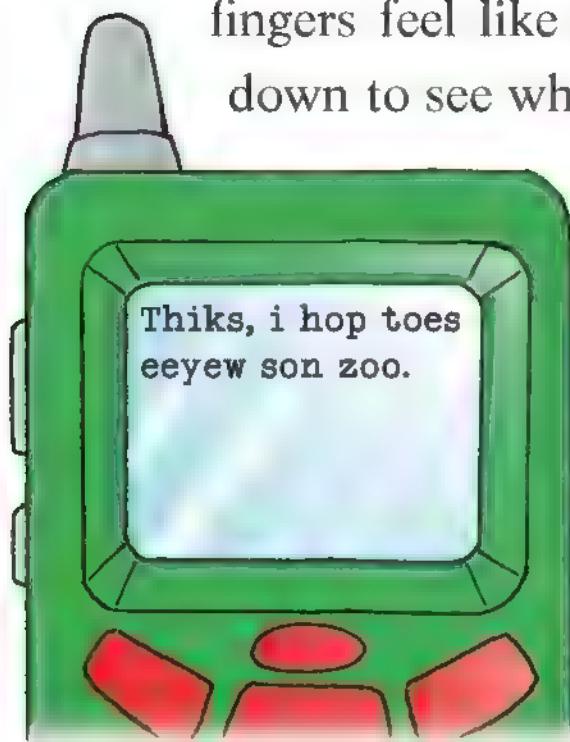
Hmm, could it mean maybe, just maybe,

she wanted to see me?

With my head swirling in the clouds, I began daydreaming about her. I started to **text** Petunia back, but my paws were all **clammy**. Just thinking about her made my



fingers feel like jelly. When I looked down to see what I had typed, it was all a **jumble**:



*Geronimo's
cell phone*



I had wanted to write: "Thanks, I hope to see you soon, too," but I was so jittery, my fingers kept **SLIPPING** on the keys. I went to erase the message, but I accidentally punched the SEND button! **What bad luck.** Why me?

Then the doorbell rang again. This time it was **Trap!** He whipped into the house like a Tasmanian devil!

"Gerry, Gerry, quite contrary, why aren't



you ready?” Trap asked. “You know whenever you have to hurry, you get all frazzled. And then you end up having a bad day.”

“If you would leave me alone so I could get ready, I wouldn’t have to rush,” I said.

“Are you **nervous**?” he asked.



“No, I’m **NOT** nervous.”

“See. You are **nervous**. It’s a bad case of jitters, I tell you.”

“I said **NO**, I’m not nervous.”

“Are you **sure**?” Trap prodded.

“Because when you get nervous, you **ALWAYS** make a fool of yourself.”

“I’m **NOT** nervous! But if you don’t let me get ready, I’m going to —”

“Calm down,” Trap said. “I told you, you’re **nervous**. Just try to relax, or we’re all going to end up looking silly.”



“Enoooough, I get it!” I screeched.

When I finally got rid of Trap, it was **7:50**. Now I really *was* late! Benjamin said he'd wait for me at his school bus stop at 8:00.

Yikes! I wasn't ready and I had run out of time!

I quickly washed my face, dressed, and ran outside . . . without eating my breakfast!

It was definitively turning out to be a **BAD DAY!**

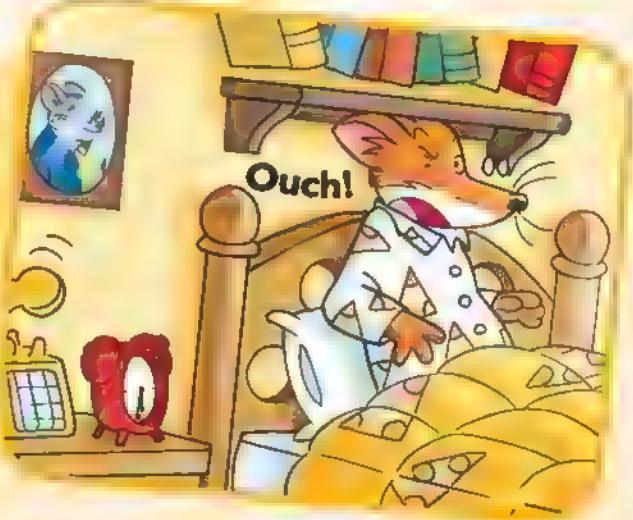


DEFINITELY A BIG DAY



The alarm
clock went off
too early: at
6:30 A.M.!

When the
phone rang,
I was startled
and hit my
head on the
bookshelf.

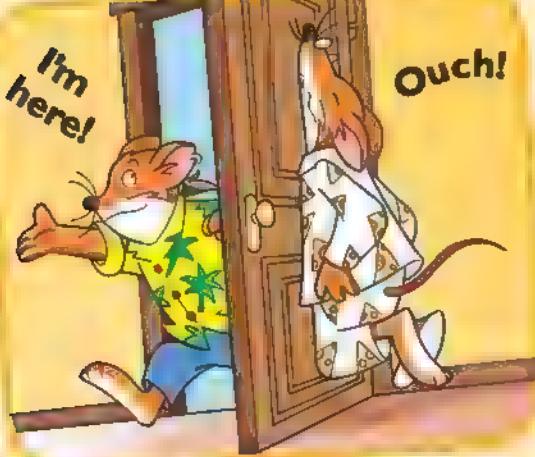


Just for you!



Aunt Sweetfur brought me some whisker-licking sweets that I didn't have time to eat!

Luckily, I got a text message from my friend Petunia Pretty Paws!



Trap stormed in and made me even more nervous than before!



THANKS, I PREFER GETTING CARSICK

I got to the bus stop just in the nick of time. As soon as Benjamin saw me, he gave me a **HIGH FIVE** that made my paw sting! He was so excited that I almost forgot that I was having a **BAD DAY**. I even forgot that I hadn't eaten breakfast!

He grabbed my jacket, dragged me to the **back** of the bus, and sat me down in his favorite seat in the very last row. When I was a little **mouseling**, I could never sit in the back of the bus: I threw up every time I tried!

But I didn't say anything to Benjamin: I wanted the day to be very **special** for him. I couldn't let him down! So I sat in the back of the bus and crossed my whiskers





that I wouldn't get sick. Unfortunately, my stomach was as empty as a cookie jar after a mouseling birthday party, and I always get queasy when I'm hungry.

In fact, as soon as the bus **TOOK OFF** bumping and thumping, my stomach started sloshing.



After the first curve, I was as **WHITE** as a ghost.



After the second curve, I was as **GREEN** as pistachio ice cream.



After the third curve, I felt dismally dizzy.

WHAT A GHASTLY RIDE!

Then the bus hit a pothole, and a loose **spring** in the seat poked me right in the tail. I yelped and **jumped up**, landing two rows up, right in between a cute pigtailed mouseling and a freckle-faced mouseling. I



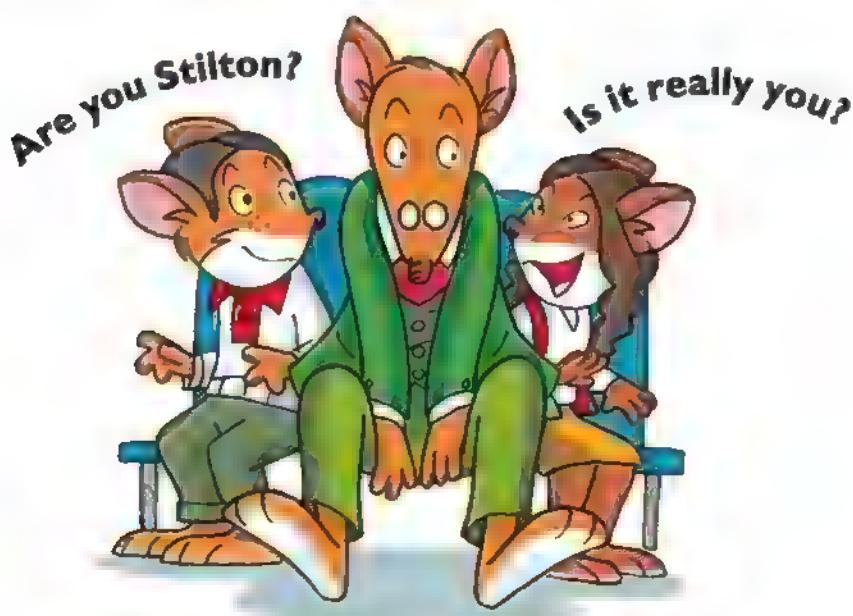
was wedged between them like a slice of Swiss on a grilled cheese sandwich. Their squeaky voices poked holes right through my eardrums.



WHAT A GHASTLY RIDE!

“Are you Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*?” the freckle-faced mouseling asked.

“Is it really you?” asked the pigtailed mouseling.





“Is it really, really you? Are you the one who writes all those books?”

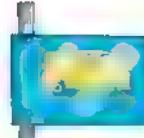
I smiled, pleased with myself.

“Of course it’s me!” I insisted.

“Good,” the boy mouseling said. “I wanted to tell you that on page twenty-seven of your last **BOOK**, there is a **mistake** in the seventh word on the fifteenth line. You spelled ‘cheese’ with only one **‘e’**! I’m surprised — I never expected it from you!”

The girl mouseling had to have her say as well. “It’s true! I saw it, too! My aunt is best friends with Sally Ratmousen’s hairdresser’s sister, and she said that Sally said that it was just **scandalous!**”

Hmph. Sally Ratmousen was the publisher of *The Daily Rat*, my paper’s competitor. Leave it to her to be catty. I tried to change the subject, but the little mouselings would



not stop. I can't stand gossip!

WHAT A GHASTLY TRIP!

Luckily, Benjamin came to my rescue.

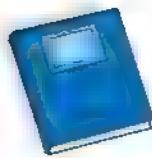
“Come on, Uncle Geronimo,” he said. “I want to introduce you to my friends.”

I was about to follow him to our seat in the back of the bus when the two mouselings stopped me.

“Stay here, Mr. Stilton,” they said. “If you sit in the back, you might **throw up**. You know who told me that you get **CARSICK**? My neighbor’s sister’s . . .”

I felt my stomach grumble and growl. I wondered if I should stay with the two gossipy, catty, **extra-clatty** mouselings.

I decided I would rather get carsick!



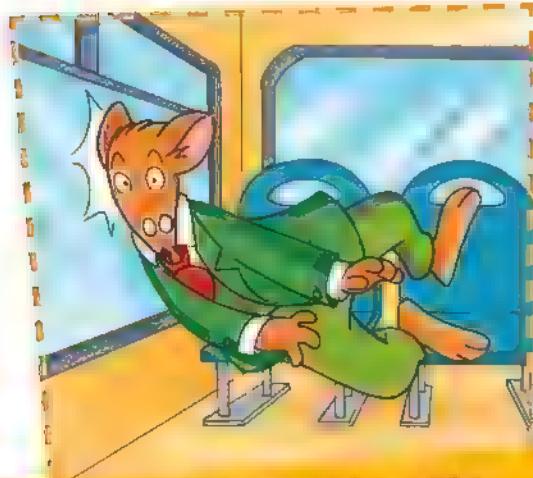
GERONIMO STILTON . . . “PRESENT!”

I took a seat at the back of the bus, hoping I wouldn't feel queasy again.

“Hang on, Uncle Geronimo,” Benjamin reassured me. “We’re almost there!”

The trip seemed **ENBLESS**.

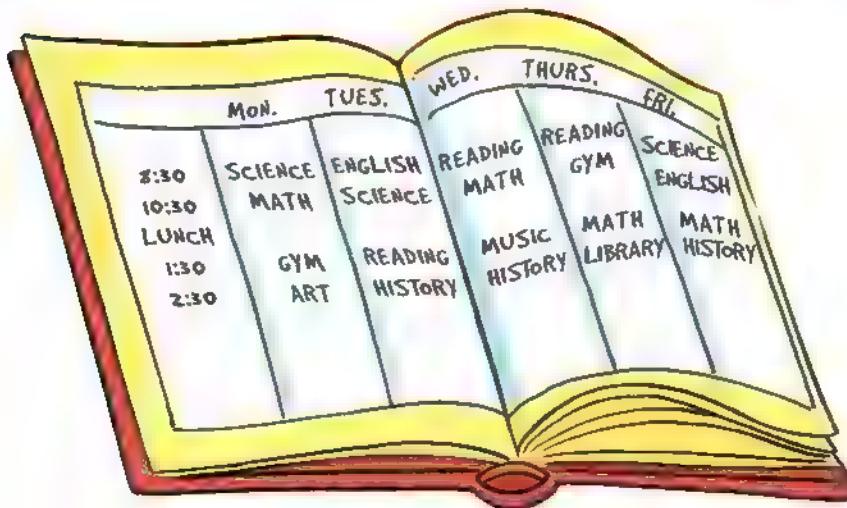
A curve to the left . . . A curve to the right . . .

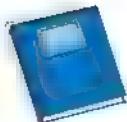




The school bus did another **three curves to the right and four curves to the left**. A couple of beastly bumps made me hit my head on the roof! In the meantime, Benjamin was busy showing me the **SCHEDULE** for the morning at Little Tails Academy. I couldn't bear to look at it: I was woefully woozy! (I always get sick when I read in a moving vehicle.)

Here, read it yourselves!





When I finally got off the bus, my head was spinning as if I had just gotten off the tallest, most rickety roller coaster of all time.

THERE WAS NO DOUBT, IT WAS A BAD DAY.

I stumbled toward the school. As soon as I stepped through the doors, a thousand memories came flooding back.

They were such **happy** memories! I learned **so much**! I got into so much **trouble**! I made so many **friends**: Hercule Poirat, my detective friend; Cornelius von Kickpaw (*he's Secret Agent 00K, but don't tell anyone!*); and, obviously, my **joke-loving** cousin Trap.

And then there was Veronica Stiffwhiskers, my sworn enemy at Little Tails Academy. She was such a **cute** rodent, perfect in every way, and good at **everything**. Too good. The





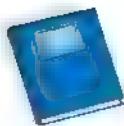
school had never seen such rivals as the two of us. We competed in everything, and she always won.



I stopped in front of the school's display case. I looked at all the students' plaques, ~~medals~~, and **trophies**. Her name was everywhere! Veronica Stiffwhiskers, Veronica Stiffwhiskers, Veronica Stiffwhiskers.

She **WON** the math challenge, the spelling bee, and the essay contest, and I always got **second prize**. Second prize wasn't that bad, but I would have loved to be numero uno just once!

For years, I dreamed of having my name



on a plaque or trophy in that display case. I sighed and walked away, feeling a little **sad**. I tried to console myself that, in spite of being number two, I had done quite well for myself: I’m the editor in chief and publisher of a newspaper, I have lots of friends, and I even won the Ratitzer Prize. Despite all of that, though, I still would have liked to see my **NAME** inside that case.

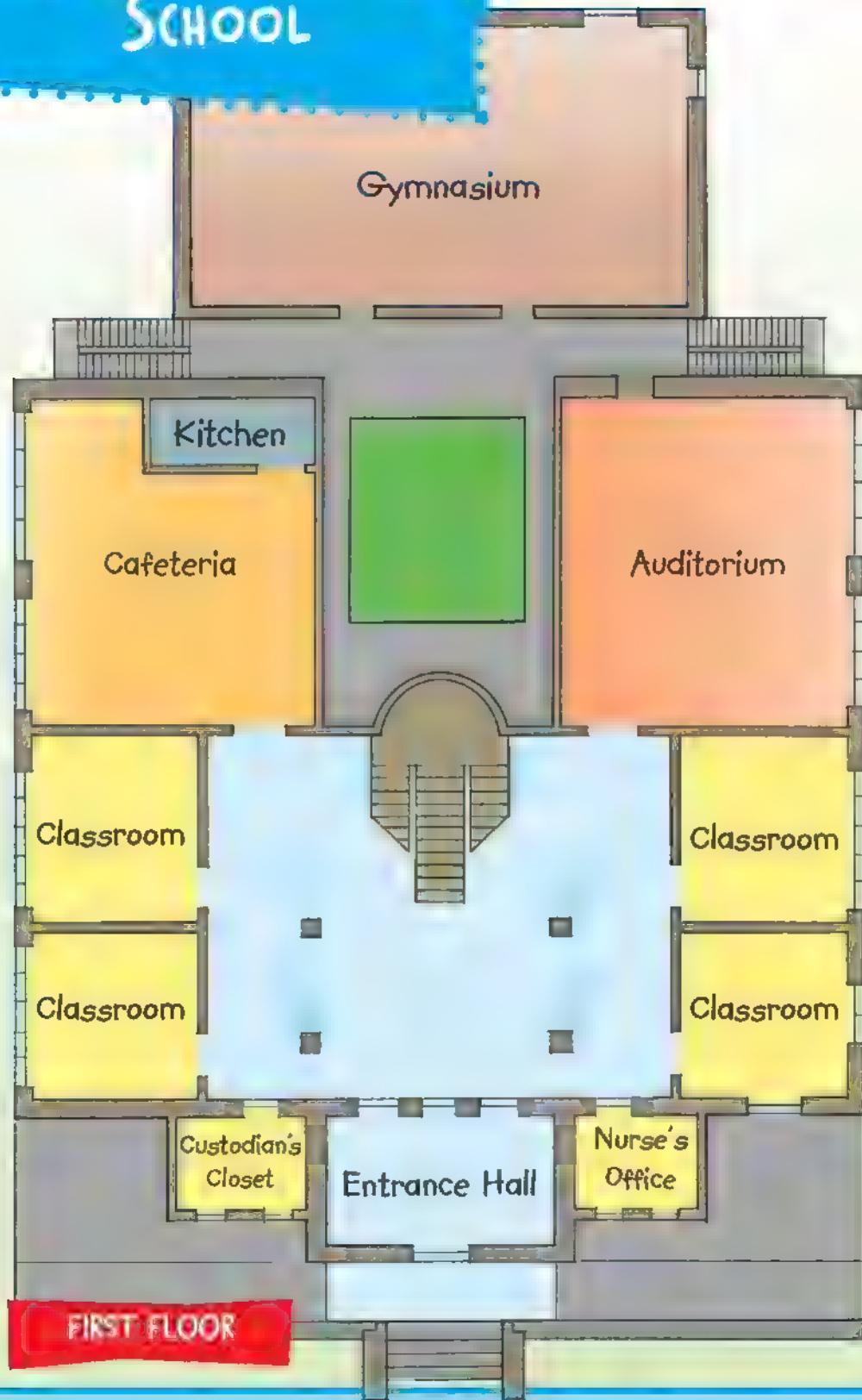
While these thoughts were rumbling through my head, Benjamin led me through the halls to his classroom.

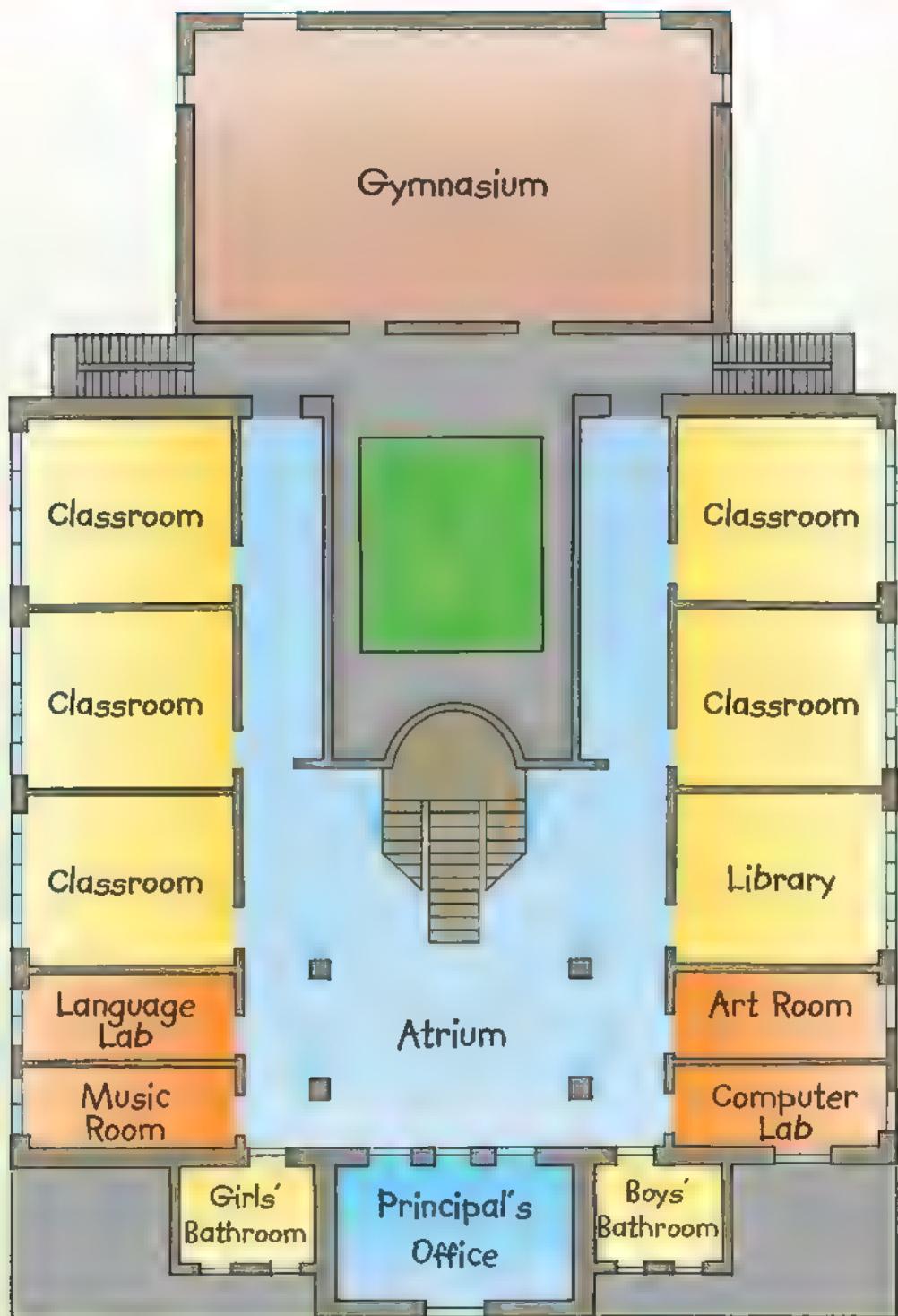
The school had changed so much!

It was the same, but very different.

It was more **MODERN**: It had a computer lab, a new gymnasium, language and music labs, an auditorium, and a spectacular art room. Everything was state-of-the-art!

MAP OF BENJAMIN'S SCHOOL





SECOND FLOOR



LIKE MICE IN A CHEESE FACTORY!

Looking at all those rooms, I longed for the days when I scampered along those halls with my friends. We had such adventures, **like little mice in a big cheese factory!**

But I didn't have any time to revel in my ***memories***. Benjamin was pushing me into his classroom.

“Here we are, Uncle Geronimo!”

A rodent with long blonde hair and blue eyes came toward me. It was **Miss Angel Paws**, Benjamin's teacher.

She greeted me with a bright **smile**.

“Mr. Stilton, it's such a **pleasure** to have you with us today!” she exclaimed.

“Good morning, Miss Angel Paws,” I



replied as I reached out to shake her paw. “Thank you for inviting me. It’s a pleasure to see you again. ***And good morning to you, class!***”

I looked around and recognized the smiling faces of Benjamin’s friends.

I knew them all because we had taken a ratastic field trip to **Niagara Falls** together.

It felt good to be with the class, and I was starting to think that maybe my luck

Miss Angel Paws!





Pssst!

Hello!

Good morning!

Hi!



had changed when a voice came over the loudspeaker.



“MISS Angel Paws, please come to
the principal’s office immediately.”

The voice sounded very familiar, but I couldn’t figure out **why**. Miss Angel Paws smiled at me.

“Geronimo, I’m leaving you **in charge**,” she said. “Would you please take attendance? If I don’t come back within a few minutes, please take the students to the playground. Today our class is scheduled **TO RAISE THE SCHOOL FLAG**: It’s a real honor. Oh, and **Spike**, our class pet, needs to be fed. That’s about it. Is everything clear?”

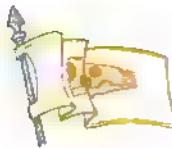
I never say no to someone in need, so I nodded confidently.



“Don’t worry,” I said gallantly. “I’ll take care of everything!”

As soon as the words came out of my mouth, I **regretted** it. I didn’t have a clue how to lead a class. I had never taken attendance. I didn’t know how to raise the flag. I couldn’t remember who was **who**. And, I was afraid to ask: **What was Spike?**

It was too late. She was gone, and I was left to deal with things.



LIKE A FLAG IN THE WIND

I decided to start with the attendance.

I found the **list of names** and began to read them in alphabetical order: “Antonia.”

“Here!”

“Benjamin.”

“Uncle Geronimo, you know I’m here,” he giggled. “You brought me to school! Of course I’m here!”

Everybody **laughed** and I turned as **red** as my tie. I quickly cleared my throat and tried to move on.

“Ahem, good. I wanted to make sure you were paying attention.”

I went ahead with the rest of the attendance. Everything went well until late



in the alphabet.

“Malcolm.”

“Here!”

“Mohamed.”

“Here!”

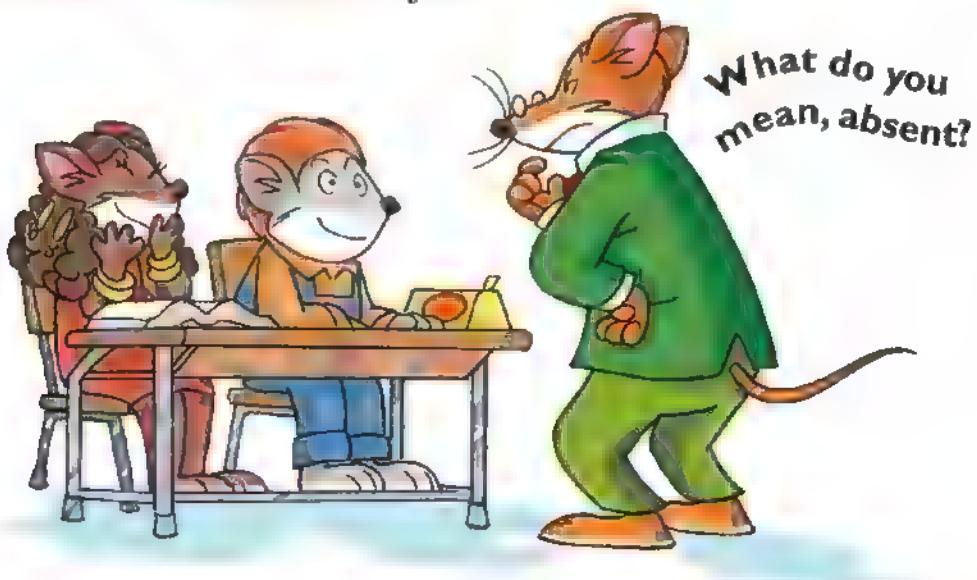
“Oliver.”

“Here!”

“Punk Rat.”

“Absent.”

“What do you mean, absent?” I asked. “I recognize you from our field trip. You’re Punk Rat! I remember you.”





In fact, I remembered him a little too well.
How could I have forgotten him?

During our trip to Niagara Falls, he got into
all kinds of trouble. And he blamed me!

“No, I’m not Punk Rat,” he replied. “I’m
his twin brother!”

“Don’t try to ~~feel~~ me, Punk Rat.”

“I told you. I’m not Punk Rat. I’m his twin,
Modest Mouse. We decided to switch
schools for the day.”



Everybody laughed, and
I became **bright red** all
over again. Nevertheless, I
decided to play along with
his **game**.

“Okay, Modest Mouse, I’ll write your name
in the attendance book. Punk Rat is absent.
Modest Mouse is present. So, Modest Mouse,
since you are our newest student, you will



have the honor of raising the flag. Do you think you can do that?" I asked.

"Of course I can," he replied. "I can do anything. I'm the type of mouse who likes to help out. Raising a flag is easy. Every mouse scout knows how to do it, unless he or she is so **old** that he or she has forgotten."

Everybody *laughed*, and I became **redder** than ever because it was true. I couldn't remember how to raise a flag! And even though Modest Mouse seemed to be acting nice, I had a feeling Punk Rat had a trick up his tail.



?" ? "Why, oh why, doesn't ? ?
the teacher come back?"

I muttered to myself as I tried to get the class under control again.

I finished roll call without another mishap



Get me down!

Hang in there!



and then I took the class outside. We made a **circle** around the flagpole and got ready to raise the flag. I became very confused as I watched Punk Rat fumble with the hooks and pulley. I couldn't figure it out. The next thing I knew, Punk Rat pulled on the cord. As the flag went up the pole, I went right along with it!

I was waving like a flag in the wind!

“Help! Can somebody get me down from here?” I shouted. “I’m afraid of heights!”

The custodian came running out. He looked very worried. “Hang in there, Mr. Stilton!”

He immediately pulled me **down**.

“Are you okay, Mr. Stilton?” he asked. “It’s such an honor to meet you. I’m glad you flagged me down.”

Hearing that word, I blushed again.

“Um, sorry,” he said.

WHERE'S SPIKE?

I looked at the custodian's *calm* face, brown eyes, and **kind**, wide smile.

His face seemed very familiar to me, as if I had **known** him all my life.

"Do we **know** each other?" I asked.

He smiled. "No, you don't know me, but I know all about you," he replied. "I'm **HENRY HANDIPAWS**, the custodian here."

"Well, thank you for all your help," I said. "You really saved me, Mr. Handipaws."

I turned to face Punk Rat. "**Punk Rat, we need to have a chat,**" I said sternly.

He looked at me **INNOCENTLY** with his wide brown eyes.



“I’m not Punk Rat,” he claimed. “Punk Rat is absent. I’m Modest Mouse, his **twiñ**. I’m a good mouse. I didn’t do it on purpose!”

I didn’t have proof, but I was certain the little rodent had his **paws** on the flag fiasco.

Anyway, I knew we should get back to the classroom. We still needed to feed Spike, and I wanted to make a **good impression** on Benjamin’s teacher. As soon as we entered the room, Antonia



came forward. She had a proud smile on her snout.

“Today is my turn to **feed** Spike,” she said.

“Good. Why don’t you take care of it right away?” I suggested. “*By the way, what kind of animal is Spike?*”

There was no need for anyone to tell me. Unfortunately, I found out all by myself!

As soon as Antonia opened the cage, something leaped out at **LIGHTNING** speed.

Everyone screeched as Spike, **terrified** by the students’ screams, sped across the classroom floor. Spike zigzagged under the desks, circled the cubby holes, and then

ran right up my vest

climbed under my vest, and

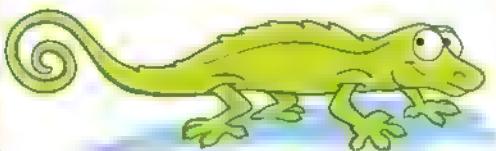
popped out of my collar!

WHERE'S ? ? SPIKE?

I gasped in surprise. Spike was a scaly green **GECKO**!



ALL ABOUT GECKOS



WHAT IS A GECKO?

The gecko, a member of the reptile family, is a lizard. It is small and scaly. Its body is covered with scales that can change color

to mimic the surrounding environment. Although most geckos are nocturnal, some species are active during the day.

HOW BIG IS A GECKO? A gecko's body can measure from 3/4 inch to 16 inches long, depending on the species.

WHAT DOES A GECKO EAT? Geckos eat insects.

WHERE DO GECKOS LIVE? Geckos live in all warm and temperate zones on the earth. They are especially prominent in regions of Central and South America, Africa, Australia, and the Mediterranean, and in the southern part of Asia.



INTERESTING FACT: To catch prey, geckos can stay motionless for several minutes. When the prey comes close, the gecko will suddenly attack with a quick snap.

INTERESTING SKILLS: Geckos can climb wherever they want. Their toes have fleshy pads on the tips that will stick to anything — even smooth walls. At night, they like to stay close to a light so that they can feed on insects that are attracted to it.

DO YOU KNOW? The gecko is considered a domesticated animal because it can be raised in a terrarium. The terrarium needs to have light to provide warmth. It also should have a hiding place, so that the gecko feels safe. Don't forget a small bowl of water and some insects for the gecko to eat.





CAN ANYTHING ELSE GO WRONG?

Spike was **tickling** me, and I couldn't stop squirming around. The gecko jumped off my elbow, zoomed across the room, and jumped out a window. The students all **SCREAMED!** That's when the classroom door opened.

Miss Angel Paws walked in, followed by four other rodents. They looked as though



they were also there for Career Day. As soon as the teacher came into the room, the entire class QUIETED down. She gave me a long look, and I turned purple with embarrassment.

Antonia's eyes swelled up with tears. "Spike ran away," she sobbed. "He's gone forever!"

"Don't worry, we'll find him later," said Miss Angel Paws. "Now I want to introduce you to our other guests: Professor Sandsnout, renowned Egyptologist; Miss Lulu Soufflé, inventor of SQUEELED Swiss cheese; Professor Miles Magmamouse, volcanologist; and the world-famous actor Robert Rodentford."

On hearing that name, the class clapped enthusiastically.

CAREER DAY

NAME: Cyril T.

LAST NAME: Sandsnout

NICKNAME: The Desert Rat

PROFESSION: Egyptologist

HIS HOBBY: He has an incredible collection of joke books. He loves to tell jokes and to play pranks, too!



NAME: Miles

LAST NAME: Magmamouse

NICKNAME: Lava Lover

PROFESSION: Volcanologist

HIS HOBBY: Ever since he was a little mouseling, he has always loved doing experiments. However, he has almost set his lab on fire on more than one occasion.



NAME: Lulu

LAST NAME: Soufflé

NICKNAME: Gouda

PROFESSION: Chef

HER HOBBY: Making cheese! She has invented many mouthwatering new cheeses, including her famous small-holed Swiss.



NAME: Robert

LAST NAME: Rodentford

NICKNAME: Blondie

PROFESSION: Actor

HIS HOBBY: He loves nature and animals, and has ten dogs! Horses run wild on his ranch.



HELP! A MUMMY!

Miss Angel Paws asked **Professor Sandsnout**, one of my dear old friends, to speak to the class. He immediately started talking about his work.

“Students, I’m an Egyp-tol-o-gist. That means I’m an expert on **ancient Egypt**. I’m also the director of the Egyptian Mouseum in New Mouse City. Have any of you ever visited the mouseum?”

There was a chorus of mouselings all shouting, “**I DID! I DID!**”

Just thinking about that mouseum made me **shiver**. I’m terrified of sarcophaguses and I’m especially scared of **MUMMIES!** (Don’t tell anyone, but that mouseum gives me nightmares!)



Professor Sandsnout proudly placed a **Mysterious**, old wooden sarcophagus on the desk. It was shaped like a cat.

“**OOOOOOOOOOOOH!**” said the class.

The lid looked heavy. Professor Sandsnout lifted it with both hands. **CREEEEEAK!**
“AAAAAAAALAAAAAAAH!”
whispered the class.

Suddenly, the lid slipped from Professor Sandsnout’s fingers. **BANG!**
“Yeee-oooow!” I screeched.





The lid had **FALLEN** on my paw!

THIS DAY WAS BEYOND BAD!

When the professor began to pick up the **sarcophagus** lid, I quickly moved away, just in case.

That's when I saw Spike.

I tried to grab him, but he *skidded* through my legs, ran around the room,





Knowing I couldn't catch Spike, I turned back to Professor Sandsnout. He had put something new on the desk—a cat mummy!

“Aaaack!”

I screeched. There's only one thing that scares me more than mummies, and it's **CATs**!

I felt dizzy. I backed away. I tried to find something to grab on to. I didn't want to faint in front of the class! I felt a hand, and I reached for it. But it wasn't someone's hand, it was a bone. In fact, it was a pile of **BONES**!





MUMMIES

The ancient Egyptians believed in life after death. When a person died, they preserved the body and its internal organs for the trip to the afterlife. To preserve the body, they used a technique called **MUMMIFICATION**.

How were mummies made?

Mummification was a very long and detailed process that took seventy days. First, all the internal organs except the heart were removed and placed inside special containers, called canopic jars. The heart was left inside the body. Then, to dry the body, the skin was covered with a special salt called natron. Next, the sunken body was filled with linen, oil, and aromatic herbs to make it appear lifelike. Finally, it was wrapped in linen. Sometimes, a funeral mask was placed on the face of the mummy.



INTERESTING FACTS

The ancient Egyptians worshipped many gods and goddesses. One was Bastet, the cat goddess. Egyptians believed cats were sacred. When cats died, they were also mummified.



“Aaaack!” I screeched again.

I was so terrified, I almost ran out the door. Suddenly, my friend Professor Sandsnout grabbed me by the collar.

“Geronimo, where are you going?” he asked. “This guy’s been dead for thousands of years! He’s not going to hurt you!”

Well, I never said I wasn’t a **FRAIDY MOUSE**





AN EXPLOSIVE EXPERIMENT

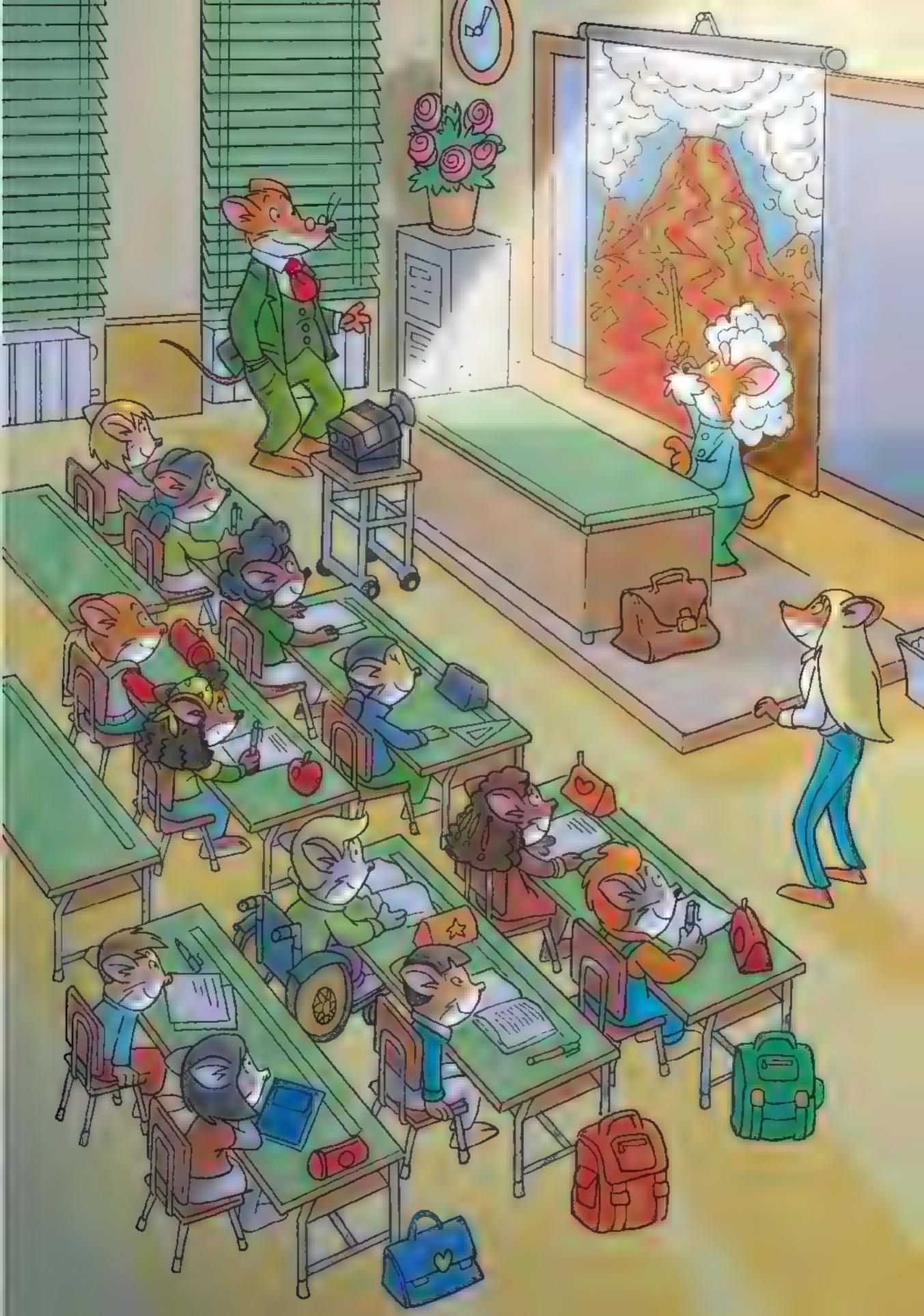
Luckily, Professor Sandsnout put the cat mummy and all those **BONES** back into the sarcophagus. His talk was over. I sighed with relief. Now I could listen to the next guest, **PROFESSOR MILES MAGMAMOUSE.**

Professor Magmamouse lowered the shades and put on a video that explained everything any mouse would ever want to know about ~~volcanoes~~, volcanic eruptions, and earthquakes.

WHAT AN EXCITING LINE OF WORK!

He had seen hundreds of volcanoes and lots of lava in his life.

Suddenly, my job seemed *wimpy* and *BORING*.





MAKE A VOLCANIC ERUPTION WITH MILES MACMAMOUSE!

WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

- 16-ounce plastic bottle
- Cardboard base, approximately 3 feet by 3 feet
- Glue
- Brown modeling clay (enough to sculpt a mountain)
- Warm water
- Baking soda
- Liquid dish soap
- Red food coloring (optional)
- A funnel
- Vinegar

WHAT YOU'LL DO: Be sure to ask an adult for help before you begin. To limit the mess, make your volcano outside or on a large table with a protective covering.

- 1 Glue the plastic bottle to the center of the cardboard base.
- 2 Mold the brown modeling clay around the bottle to form a volcano.
- 3 Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup baking soda, and one spoonful of liquid dish soap together. Use the funnel to help you pour the mixture into the bottle, which will become the mouth of your volcano. Add three drops of food coloring if desired.
- 4 Add three drops of vinegar to the mouth of the volcano, and enjoy the eruption!





At some point, Professor Magmamouse asked me to give him a hand with the **EXPERIMENT**. I listened closely because I didn't want to mess up. I had to look good for Benjamin!

“Geronimo, when I say NOW, put three drops of vinegar into the mouth of the volcano,” Professor Magmamouse told me. “It is important you only add three drops. Is that clear?”

At that moment, my nose began to itch. I tried to hold my breath, but I couldn't stop myself from sneezing.

“AAAAAchoooo!”

And that's how I poured the entire bottle of vinegar into the volcano. It erupted, and lava oozed everywhere!





What a mess!

Luckily, Henry Handipaws, the custodian, arrived at once. He had a huge pail of cleaning supplies. He gave me one look and pulled out his biggest *bRoOm*.

“Some people would blow their top over a mess like this,” Henry commented. “But don’t worry, Mr. Stilton, I’ll get you *squeaky clean* in no time! You want to look extra spiffy *today*.” Then he winked at me.





CHEESE TASTING!



Mr. Handipaws finished cleaning me off just in time for me to hear **Lulu Soufflé**'s presentation.

She was such a *fascinating* rodent!
Her skin was as pale as mozzarella.
Her hair was long and silky.
I could not take my **EYES** — or **ears** — off of her.

Lulu was telling the class that she hadn't been a great student.

"When I was a little *mouseling*, my favorite subject in school was lunch," she said. "Nothing made me *happier* than munching on a piece of **PERFECTLY SPED** **cheese**. That's why I decided to make food my profession."



She knew **EVERYTHING** about cheese. Lulu was sharper than New Mouse-style cheddar!

I could have listened to her all day. After all, cheese is one of my **favorite** subjects, especially when I'm hungry!

The best part of the presentation was when Lulu declared that she had talked enough. **“Tasting is believing**, so let's have a snack,” she announced.

She lifted up a platter of all kinds of cheeses. **Yum, yum!** I picked an enormous piece of cheese that had a funny smell and a greenish blue color. I was about to wolf it down when Lulu spoke.

“See, Mr. Stilton is about to taste a piece of blue cheese that is made from a special kind of mold—”





FOODIE'S FONDUE CHEESE PLATTER RECIPE

.....
BEFORE YOU BEGIN, ASK AN ADULT FOR HELP.
.....

WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

- 1 (26 ounce) jar pasta sauce (without meat)
- 2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shredded Parmesan cheese
- 2 teaspoons dried oregano
- 1 teaspoon garlic pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion powder
- 1 loaf French or Italian bread, cut into cubes



WHAT YOU'LL DO:

- ① In a two-quart pot or a slow cooker, combine the pasta sauce, cheeses, and spices.
- ② Cook until cheese is melted and sauce is hot.
- ③ Be careful not to let it burn around the edges.
- ④ To eat, dip bread cubes in fondue and enjoy!



“Mold????” I asked, quickly pulling the cheese away from my snout.

She smiled. “Of course,” she said. “To make blue cheese, you use milk, milk enzymes, and molds like these.”

She placed a little **BOTTLE** of a greenish, bluish, **vile-smelling** substance right under my nose.

The aroma was so disgusting, that *I* turned greenish blue, then white, and then I fainted!





When I came to, Lulu seemed very concerned.

“I’m surprised you have such a **weak stomach**, Mr. Stilton,” she said. “I really thought you were a mouse of **GREAT COURAGE**. And to think that I wanted you to help me cook my triple-decker, super-duper cheese **SANDWICH** for everyone’s lunch!”

I didn’t want her to think I was a wimp. I jumped up.

“Not at all, Miss Lulu. Please, let me help you!”

But then I caught another whiff of the mold and I **FAINTED** again! **HOW EMBARRASSING!**





MISS LULU'S SPECIALTY

This time, I came to with some help from Punk Rat. He emptied an entire vase of **water** from the teacher's desk right on my head!

Brrrt! The water was freezing!

At least I was able to walk with Lulu to the school kitchen to help her make some of her famouse triple-decker cheese sandwiches.

I really wanted to make a good impression because:

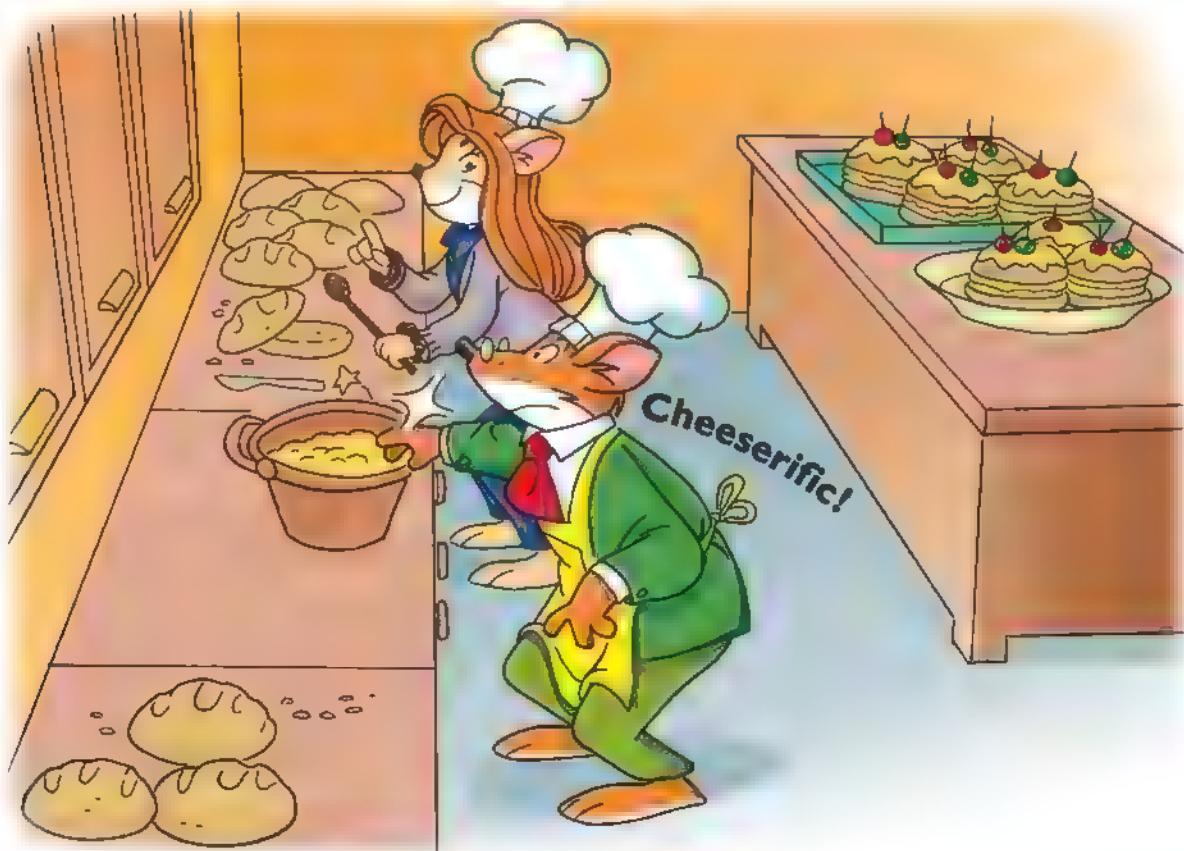
- ① I was **hungry** and I wanted to sample some nonmoldy cheese.
- ② Lulu was very charming and I never refuse to help a kind rodent, especially one who is so **cute**!
- ③ Did I mention I was hungry? I had to eat



something, or else I would faint . . . again!

Sadly, sneaking a treat was not so easy. I tried dipping my finger into the cheese sauce, but Lulu caught me.

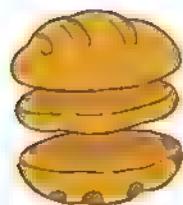
"I thought you had better *manners*, Mr. Stilton!" she scolded. "You should never sample a recipe until the cook says it's ready. It's **RUDE**!"





I became ~~pink~~ with embarrassment and didn't dare taste anything else, even as I made **757** triple-decker sandwiches.

Every sandwich had three layers. I spread each layer of bread with Lulu's delicious special cheese sauce.



x 757 times = . . .
757 times = . . .

Go ahead, you tell me how many slices of bread I spread in total. I was never good in math.

Then I cut **757** slices of turkey, and topped each sandwich with a cherry tomato, an olive, and a little New Mouse City flag. And I did that 757 times! And did I say how many times I accidentally stuck my paws with toothpicks? **359!**



I'M NO chef, but I made my own version of Lulu's sandwich at home. Ask an adult to help you make this cheeserific treat. It's super tasty! Yum!

WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

- Butter
- two slices bread (not too thick!)
- three slices cheese (any combination of mozzarella, cheddar, American, gruyere, Havarti, Swiss, or provolone)
- smoked sliced turkey deli meat (one slice)
- pepperoni (four small slices)

WHAT YOU'LL DO:

- ① Spread butter on one side of each slice of bread.
- ② With an adult's help, place a skillet over medium-low heat. Put one slice of bread in the skillet, butter side down.
- ③ Place two pieces of cheese on top of the bread. Next add the turkey and pepperoni, and then the final piece of cheese. Place the second piece of bread, butter side up, on top.
- ④ When the cheese starts to melt and the bottom piece of bread turns golden brown, flip the sandwich with a spatula. When the second piece of bread is golden brown, it's done!

* Hint: If you have a sandwich press or a waffle maker, you can make this sandwich without a skillet.



Me, too!

I want one, too!

May I have
one, please?

Here, please!



As soon as we finished the sandwiches, we took them to the cafeteria for our ravenous mouselings. Of course, the food was a great **success**.

The sandwiches were so good that, when it was my turn to serve myself, there were only **crumbs** left on the tray. I was so frustrated, I wanted to scream! I was sooooo **HUNGRY**, I could have eaten the toothpicks!

Because Lulu was **LOOKING** at me, I acted like nothing was wrong. I had made a fool of myself enough already.

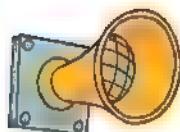




PLEASE, UNTANGLE MY PAWS!

After lunch (What lunch? I hadn't eaten anything. Sigh!), Benjamin and his friends had **RECESS** while the adults cleaned up the cafeteria.

I finished washing the dishes, and boy did I need a **rest**! That's when I heard that same familiar voice over the loudspeaker,



ringgg!

*“MISS Angel Paws, please report to
the principal’s office right away.”*

I was sure I recognized that voice. Where, oh **WILDE**, had I heard it before?

Miss Angel Paws asked me to **SUB** for her again.



"Geronimo, would you please keep an eye on the mouselings on the playground?"

I wanted to ask: "**why me!?!?** Why not Robert Rodentford, who's been sitting there **quietly** himself for the last hour while I made the lunch, served the meal, and scoured the tables???"

But Miss Angel Paws was already gone, and I had to:

① Rescue **one** mouseling who was about to fall from a **swing**. (I barely caught him!)



② Referee **two** basketball and **three** volleyball games. (My cheeks were weak from whistling!)



3

Break up **four** fights, clean **five** skinned snouts, and put Band-Aids on **six** knees.



1

Place **ice packs** on **seven** lumps of various sizes and in various locations.

5

Dry the tears of **eight** little mice, and comfort **nine** mouselings with broken hearts. (I had to wring out my handkerchief after all those tears!)



And then Punk Rat challenged me to a race on the jungle gym. I was about to refuse, but



suddenly Benjamin piped up.

“That’s **baby stuff** for my uncle,” Benjamin announced proudly. “He’s not a wimp!”

After that statement, how could I say no? I **climbed** up the monkey bars and dove headfirst down the **tube** slide. All at once, I stopped. I was stuck! I was too big for the slide!

I felt so sorry for myself. It was definitively a **BAD** day.

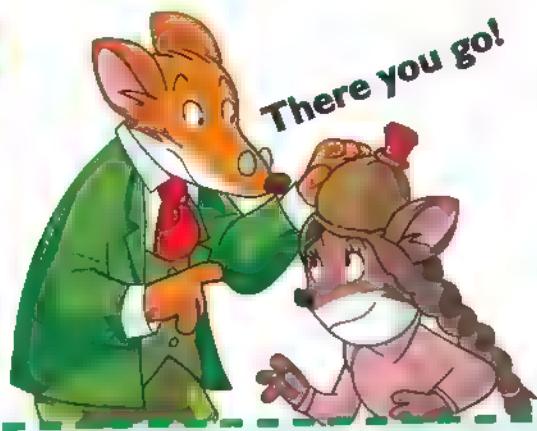
“Would somebody Please get me out!”

I yelled.

DEFINITELY A BAD DAY!



1



BAD!

5



BAD!



6



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

Luckily, Henry Handipaws came to **MY RESCUE** again. “Mr. Stilton, you’ve got yourself in a tight squeeze!” he said. He yanked me right out. **What a close call!** Henry patted me on the back and went on his way. Then I took the class back inside.

When we got to the classroom, Miss Angel Paws greeted me with a smile. She asked everyone to take a seat to listen to the next guest: the very famous actor **Robert Rodentford**.



I rolled my eyes. I was sure he'd talk about his blockbuster movies and his yacht and all the beautiful rodents who are in love with him. In other words, I had a *preconceived** idea that he was a *snobby* and *silly* mouse.

I was wrong. He was much more than a *handsome snout*!

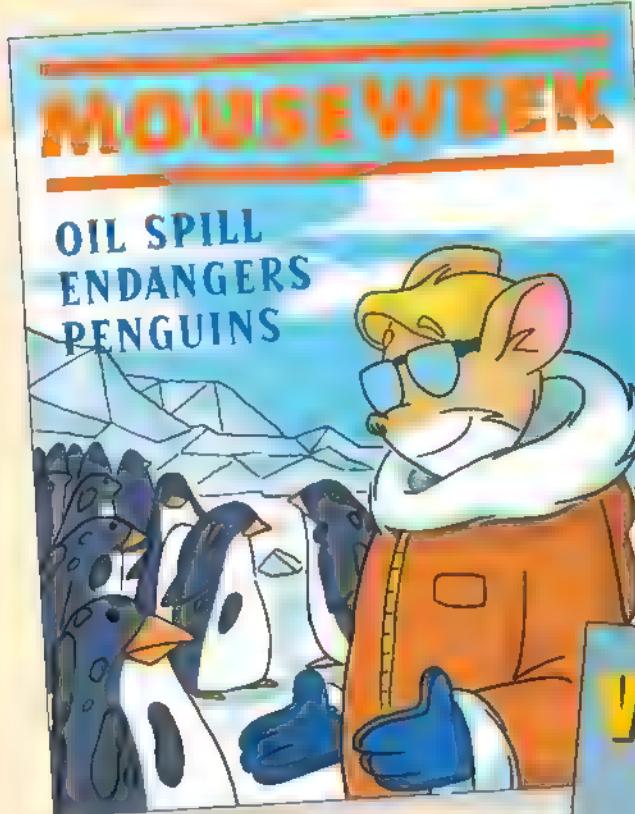
Robert Rodentford talked about the volunteer work he does to help save the **environment**. In fact, he never talked about himself. He discussed all the ways a rodent can **help** protect the earth.

I knew immediately that we would be **fast friends**. We were very different, but we both cared about the same things.

I was very interested in what he had to say, but then I **SAW** something slink by me. Sure enough, it was that sneaky, scaly class pet—**Spike**!

* To *preconceive* is to form an opinion (that may not be correct) about something or someone before having all the facts.

ROBERT RODENTFORD'S WORK TO SAVE THE ENVIRONMENT

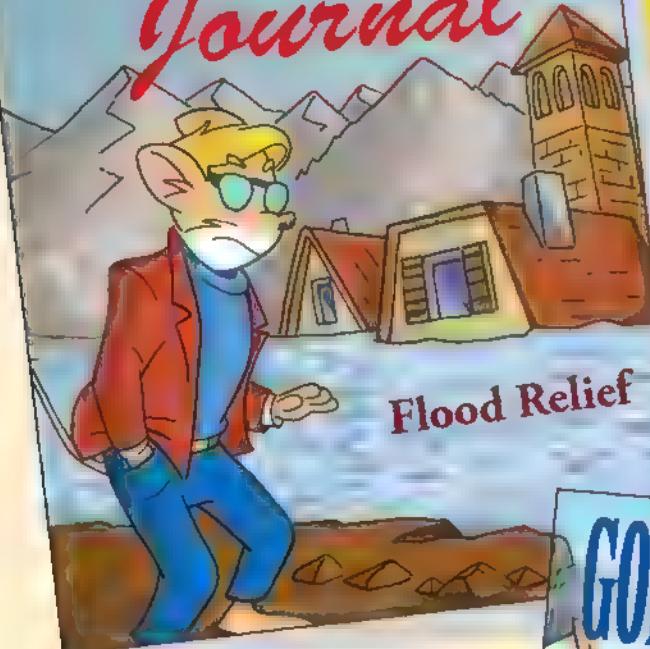


Robert Rodentford arrives to help after an oil tanker sinks and endangers penguins.

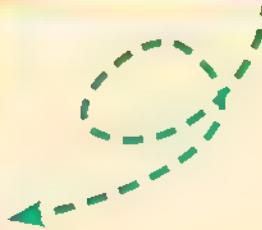


Rodentford squeaks out about smog, the dark truth about a growing pollution problem on Mouse Island.

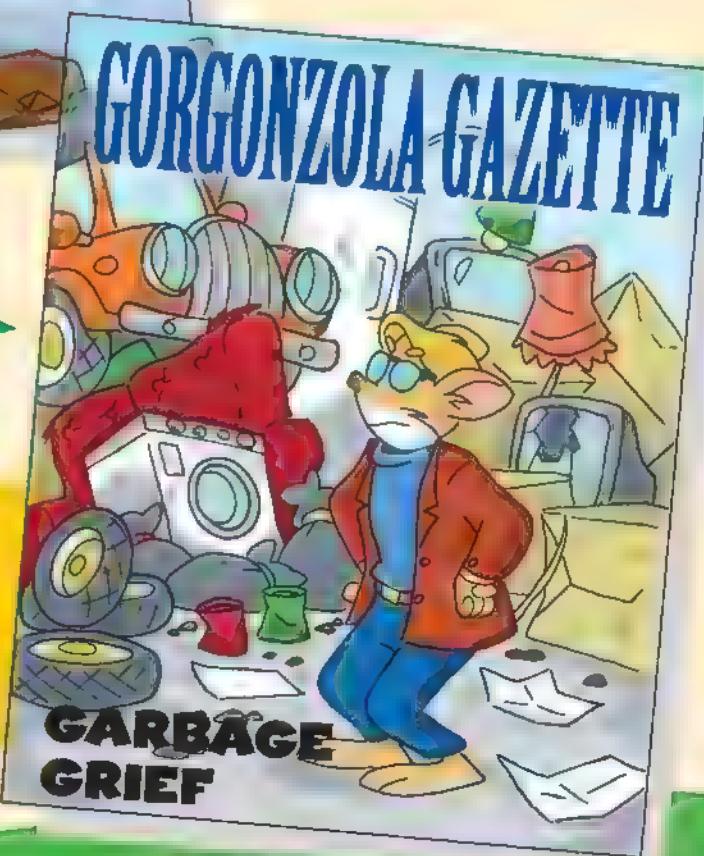
Rat Street Journal



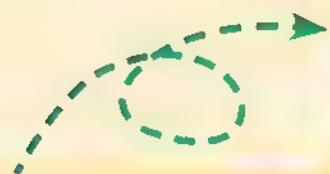
Rodentford helps sandbag city dams when there is a flood emergency in New Mousiana.



GORGNZOLA GAZETTE



Rodentford is down in the dumps about trash troubles.





My entire family had begged me not to get into any **trouble**, not to make a **fool** of myself, and not to **disappoint** Benjamin.

But that pesky gecko had gotten loose on my watch, and I felt responsible!

I looked at Spike, and he seemed to be **smirking** at me. A second later, he scurried across the room.

Then he climbed the wall and 

---- slipped into the air-conditioning duct! -----

I decided to follow him. I just *had* to **catch him!** I had to do it for Benjamin.

So, I pulled myself into the dark **duct**. I followed Spike along the narrow **PASSAGEWAY**, above classrooms, under the gym, and into the basement, until



he headed out into the hallway. I was still on my paws and knees when I bumped into her: a classy, *refined* rodent with her fur pulled into a neat bun.

I LOOKED at her, and she **LOOKED** at me.

We both yelled at the same time:

“What are you doing here?”

She had changed so much, but I knew it was her right away. How could I have forgotten her?

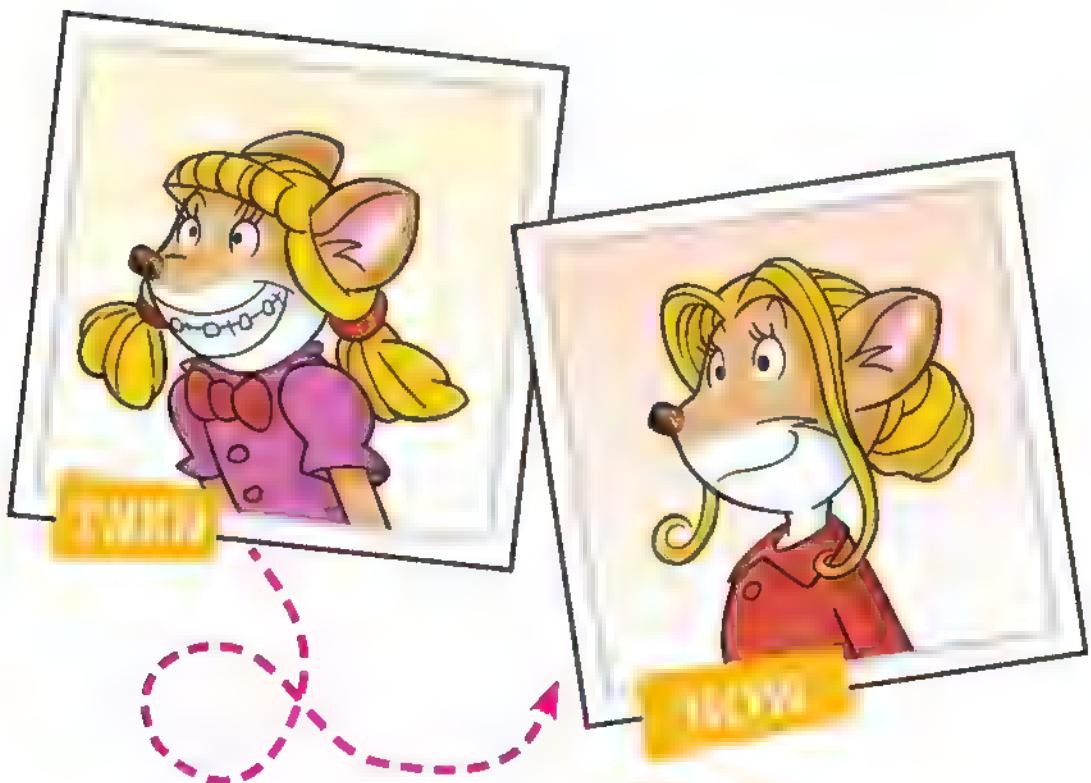
It was *Veronica Stiffwhiskers*, my greatest rival during my school days! This



was the mouse who had been so cute, so perfect, and so great at everything!

It had been her voice on the loudspeaker! She was now the **principal** of the school!

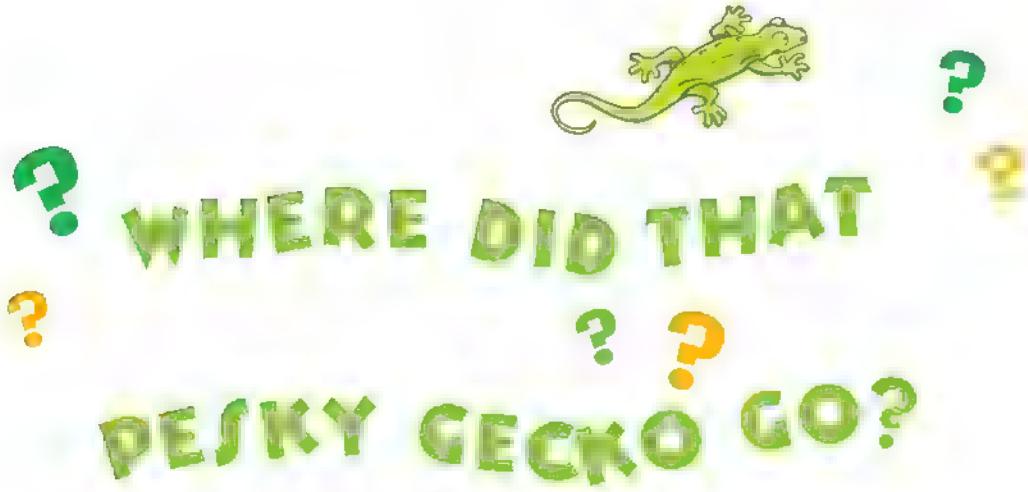
I was dumbfounded. I was trying to think of something *intelligent* to say when Spike scurried into an air-conditioning vent again.



I mumbled a  excuse and dove in after Spike.

I always made a fool of myself
in front of Veronica.

As I was scampering after Spike in the duct, I thought, *I'm sure she thinks I grew up to be a big fool. Sigh!*







AN (ALMOST) OLYMPIC PERFORMANCE

SPIKE!



the belly of a

was as dark as

long duct, which

sumbled down the



On all fours, I

Yoo-hoo!

I followed Spike **up** and **down**, left and right, smacking my head against the low ceiling with every turn. **Smack!**

Spike made a quick turn and was about to slip into a new grate.

I **lunged** forward and **pounced** on him. All at once, I heard a creaking sound,

A colorful illustration of a cartoon character falling down. The character is wearing a green shirt, blue pants, and a red hat. They are falling towards the bottom right of the frame. The background is a dark blue gradient. The word "fell" is repeated in a spiral pattern around the character, with the final "fell" ending in an exclamation point at the bottom right.





I made a triple somersault with an elegant twist, landing on my feet with **slightly bent** knees. My gymnastic form was perfect! I didn't do it on purpose. In fact, if I had tried to do it, there was no way I could have performed so well. It was an (almost) **OLYMPiC** performance! But, of course, the one time I showed some agility and athletic ability, there was no one there to see me! Today had been full of so many blunders, I would have loved it if someone had seen my one **shining** moment!

As I was thinking this, a floodlight blinded me and thunderous **applause** shook the walls. A chorus of voices yelled:

"HOORAY FOR GERONIMO!"



STILTON, GERONIMO STILTON!

I was shocked!

Were they really all shouting my name?

"**Ge-Ro-ni-Mo!**"  **Ge-ro-ni-mo!**


Was that *my* name on posters, programs, and banners?



I **RUBBED** my eyes. Maybe I had hit my head one too many times today. Maybe I had fainted.

I looked again. It was **real**. Everything was real. I wasn't dreaming. Holey cheese!

All these people were here for me. Veronica Stiffwhiskers came toward me with a huge *smile*. My, how she had changed!

“Today, on our school’s Career Day, we want to honor our most **famous** graduate. He’s a wonderful example of how great achievement is possible through working hard every day and really *loving* what you do. He’s won a Ratitzer Prize for his scoop on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid*, and he is a **bestselling** writer. His name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!*”

Thunderous applause erupted around me.







Among the **CHEERING** audience, I saw my family standing to the side. No one was missing. Benjamin, Thea, Trap, Grandfather William, Tina Spicytail, Aunt Sweetfur . . . all of the *Stiltons* were there.

And there was **Petunia Pretty Paws!** The principal's voice shook me back to reality.

“. . . and to properly honor Little Tails Academy’s most famous graduate, who is also a dear old friend, I’d like to present him with a **PLAQUE** to remember this day.”

While the photographers were shooting a million **PHOTOS** and the flashes were blinding me, she handed me a beautiful plaque engraved with my name.

“And if *Geronimo Stilton* doesn’t mind, we’d like to keep the plaque in the school’s

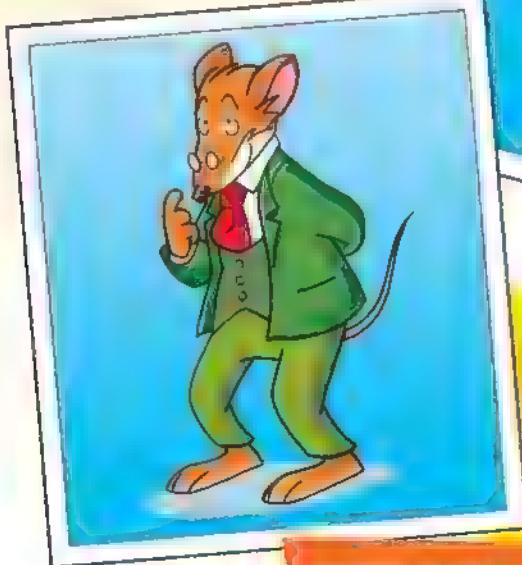
lobby. It would be an honor to **SHOW** it in our trophy case, next to the **medals**, plaques, and **trophies** that our students have won.”

Then she winked at me.

My, how she had changed!



PHOTOS AND AUTOGRAPHS



HELP! THE FLASHES
ARE BLINDING ME!



HERCULES' AUTOGRAPH



THANK YOU, EVERYONE.
I'M VERY TOUCHED!





THE BEST NIBBLES FOR CHEESE-LOVING MICE!

Once the ceremony was over, the principal invited us to the dining hall. A **fabumouse** **buffet** had been set up, and there were countless cheesy delicacies!

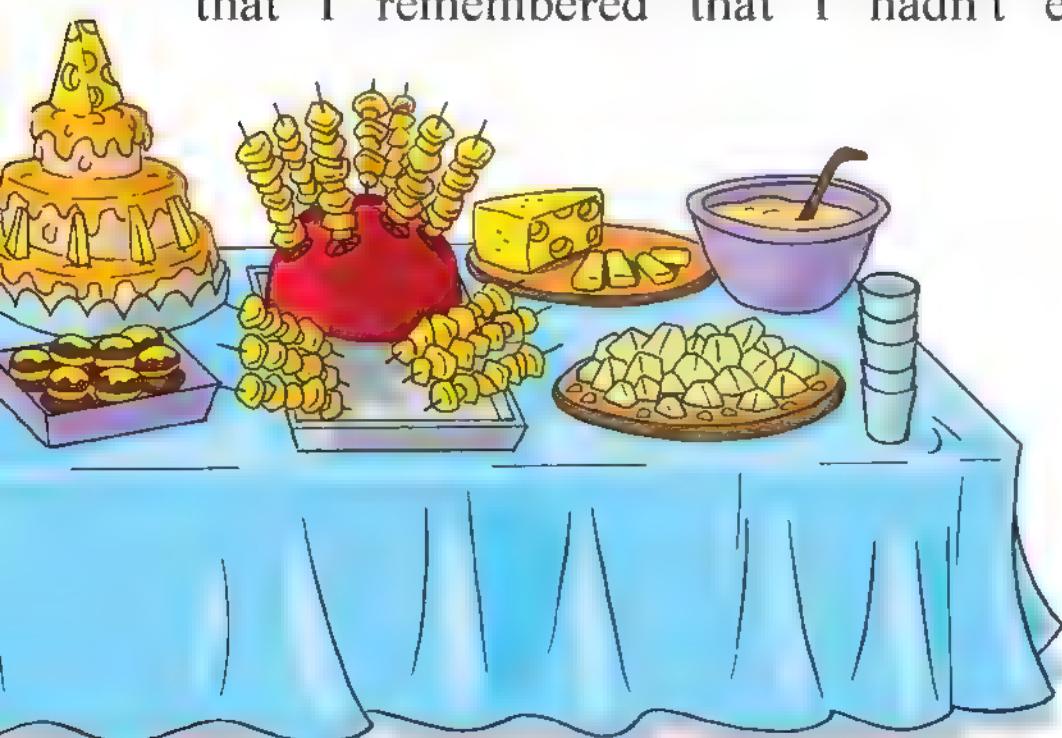
There was a plate of Lulu's famouse **triple-decker cheese** sandwiches, along with





many other amazing snacks: **FONDUE**, blue cheese **mousse** tarts, mozzarella and **cheddar cheese**, cheese **shish-kabobs**, and Swiss cheese **pudding**. Lulu had organized the buffet and, I can assure you, I have never seen more scrumptious, divine, original, whisker-licking delicacies in my life!

In other words, they were **TOP-NOTCH** nibbles for cheese-loving mice! It was then that I remembered that I hadn't eaten





breakfast or lunch. *I was absolutely famished!*

I was about to throw myself at the buffet when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

TAP, TAP!

I turned and saw a long, long line of rodents of every age waiting to **congratulate** me. I put down my sandwich with a sigh and turned toward them. I realized I would be skipping yet another meal. When I saw the first rodent on line was Henry Handipaws, I **forgot** my ravenous hunger.

“Thanks to you, I didn’t make a complete fool of myself today,” I told him warmly.

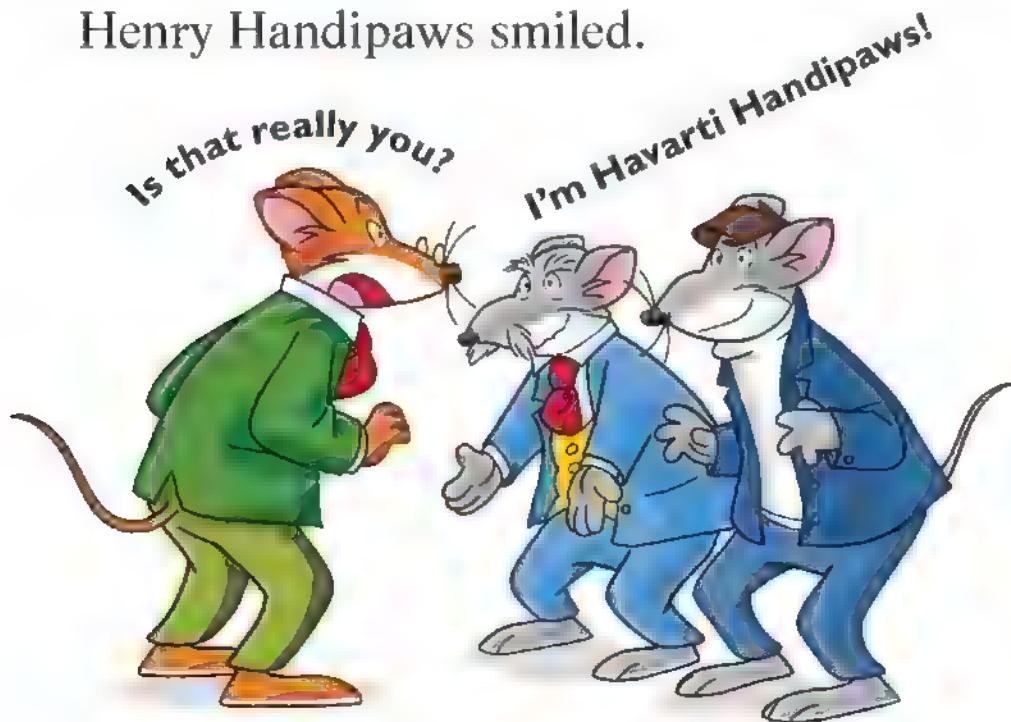
Suddenly, another rodent jumped out from behind him. They were almost **IDENTICAL!**

“Geronimo Stilton, you never change,” the second mouse exclaimed. “You still get into such **trouble**!”

I stared at both of them, dumbfounded. The second mouse's **whiskers** were **GRAYER**, he wasn't wearing a uniform, and he had a bit of a **tummy**, but otherwise the two mice almost looked like mirror images!

It was the legendary **Havarti Handipaws**. He had been the custodian during my time at Little Tails Academy. Back then, he helped me get out of tight squeezes a million times a day!

Henry Handipaws smiled.





“*Like father, like son!*” he said. “Now you know why I knew so much about you, Mr. Stilton. My father told so many stories about you, and I decided to do the same kind of work as my father. I wanted to help a lot of *shy* little mice have more **confidence** in themselves.”

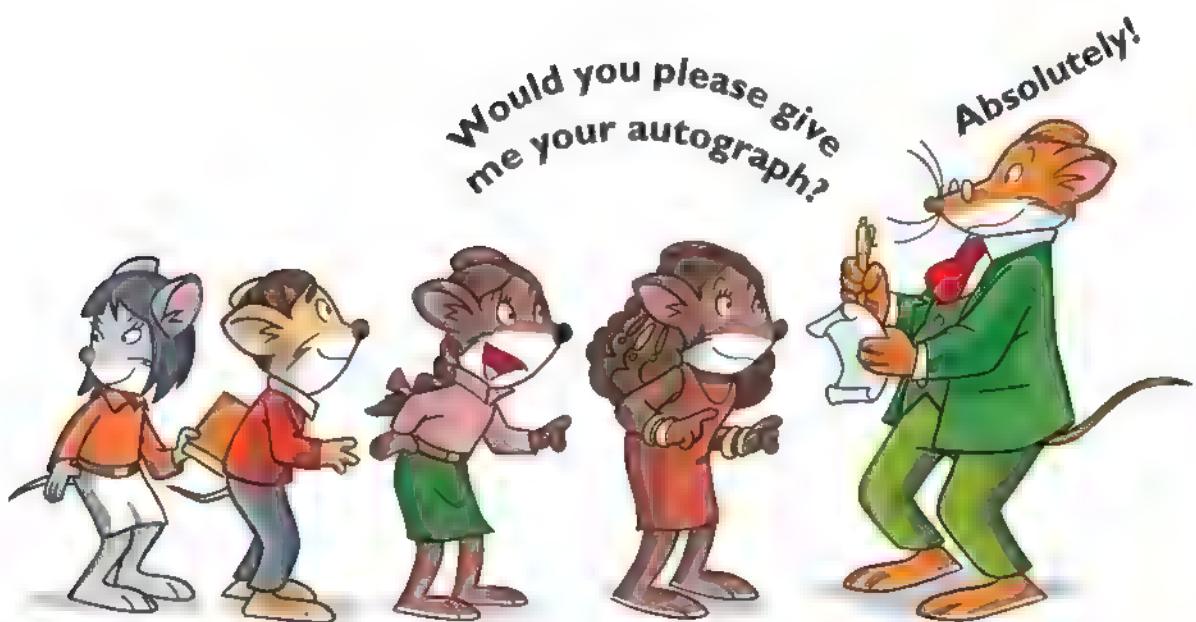
I *thanked* them both from the bottom of my heart and spent the rest of the afternoon shaking hands, *smiling*, and signing autographs.





After a half hour, my paw was **weak** from all the handshakes. After an hour, my cheeks were **numb** from smiling so much. And after two hours, my shoulders were **bruised** from all the slaps and pats on the back!

But I was happy. Very, very happy.
I was actually ecstatic!





Now I'm IN THERE, TOO!

Even Grandfather William congratulated me. He slapped me on the shoulder the hardest!

“**Good for you**, Grandson!” he bellowed as I staggered from the blow to my shoulder. “This time you seemed like an upstanding mouse.”

Trap threw a **spitball** in my ear.

“Nice going, Cousin,” he said. “You looked less of a **fool** than usual. Except when you fell from the ceiling, that is!”

Aunt Sweetfur was **worried** about me. “You’re pale,” she whispered. “Didn’t you eat enough?”

She placed a sweet little **cheese tart** in my paw. I stuffed it in my mouth before



somebody could prevent me from tasting that little bit of heaven. It was **DEEELICIOUS!**

Robert Rodentford, Professor Sandsnout, Lulu Soufflé, Professor Magmamouse, and many other friends came over to congratulate me.

My friend Petunia Pretty Paws came over to give me a *tiny kiss* on the tip of my whiskers.

“I’m proud of you, Geronimo!” she said.

I was so embarrassed, I turned as **RED** as a tomato. Luckily, Benjamin came to give me a high five that almost took off my paw!

“You’re awesome, Uncle Geronimo!” he exclaimed.

Behind him were all his school friends. Antonia had Spike in her arms.

“**HOORAY FOR GERONIMO!**” they all **YELLED** at once. “Hip,



hip, *hooray* for Spike's hero!"

"Tell me, Geronimo, did you like the *surprise*?" Veronica Stiffwhiskers asked.

Then she turned to the mouselings.

"Hurry, everyone head to the lobby," she instructed them. "We have one more very **IMPORTANT** thing we need to do!"

The mouselings happily accompanied me





to the lobby. Veronica winked at me as she opened the trophy case.

“This time, you **win!**” she said. “You’re our most famous graduate.”

She placed the plaque with my name on it inside the case.

“THANK YOU!” I shouted happily.

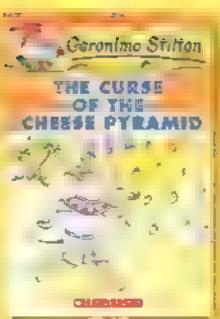
“Now I’m in there, too!”



**Don't miss
any of my
fabumouse
adventures!**



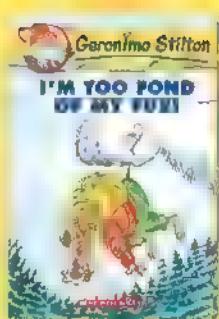
**#1 Lost Treasure
of the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse
of the Cheese
Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and
Mouse in a
Haunted House**



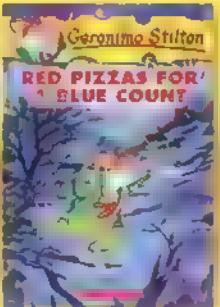
**#4 I'm Too Fond
of My Furl**



**#5 Four Mice
Deep in the Jungle**



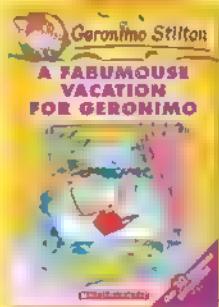
**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for
a Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



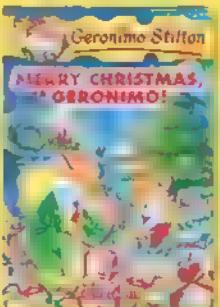
**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for
Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of
a Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's
Halloween, You
'Fraidy Mouse!'**



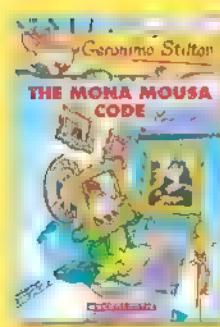
**#12 Merry
Christmas,
Geronimo!**



**#13 The Phantom
of the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of
the Ruby of Fire**



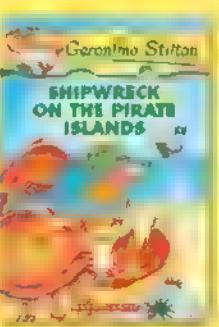
**#15 The Mona
Mousa Code**



**#16 A Cheese-
Colored Camper**



**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on
the Pirate Islands**



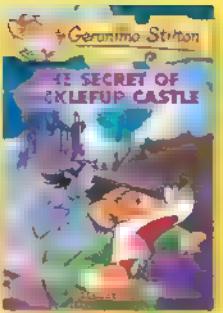
**#19 My Name Is
Stilton, Geronimo
Stilton**



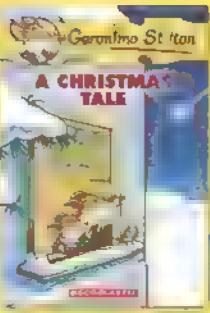
**#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!**



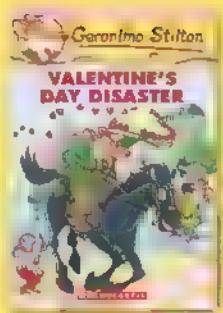
**#21 The Wild,
Wild West**



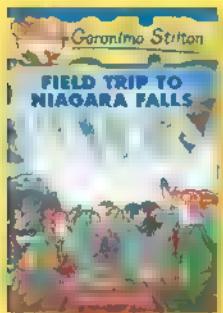
**#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur
Castle**



A Christmas Tale



**#23 Valentine's
Day Disaster**



**#24 Field Trip to
Niagara Falls**



**#25 The Search
for Sunken
Treasure**



**#26 The Mummy
with No Name**



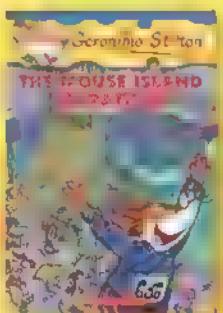
**#27 The
Christmas Toy
Factory**



**#28 Wedding
Crasher**



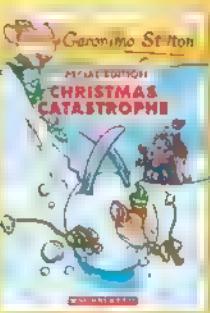
**#29 Down and
Out Down Under**



**#30 The Mouse
Island Marathon**



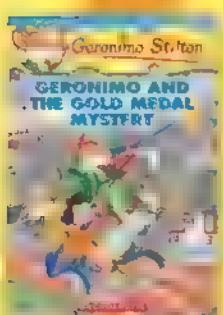
**#31 The
Mysterious
Cheese Thief**



**Christmas
Catastrophe**



**#32 Valley of the
Giant Skeletons**



**#33 Geronimo
and the Gold
Medal Mystery**



**#34 Geronimo
Stilton, Secret
Agent**



**#35 A Very Merry
Christmas**



**#36 Geronimo's
Valentine**



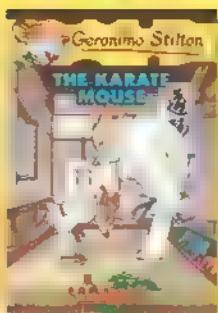
**#37 The Race
Across America**



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



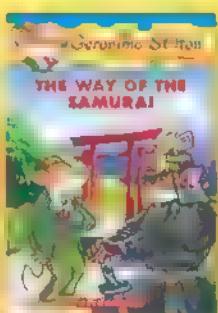
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



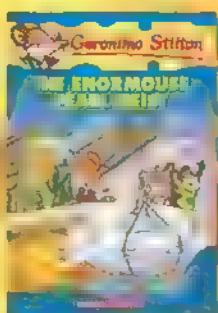
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



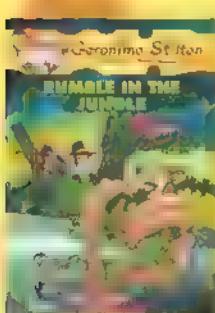
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



**Special Edition:
The Hunt for the
Golden Book**



**Check out
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code



Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck



Thea Stilton and the
Secret City



Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris



Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways



Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
In the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure



Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle



Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt



Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express



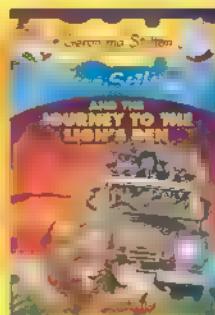
Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows



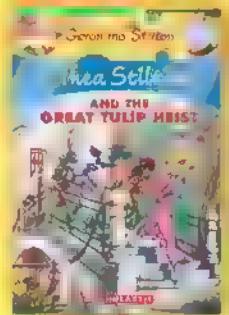
Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers



Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission



Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den



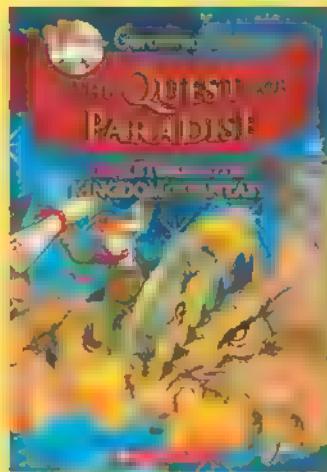
Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist



Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy!



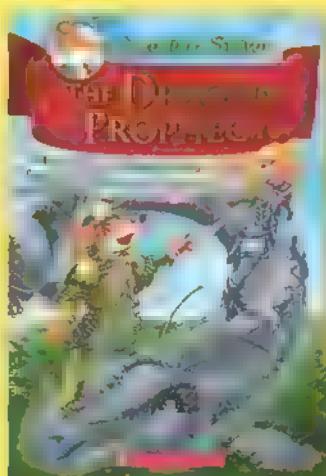
THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



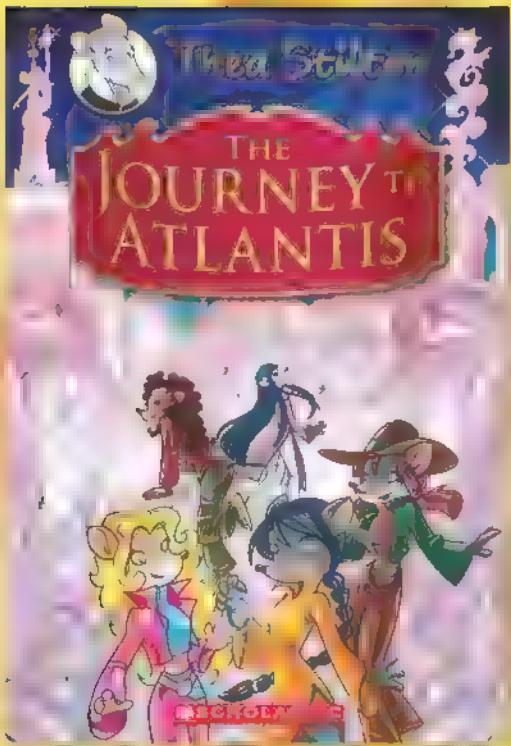
THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



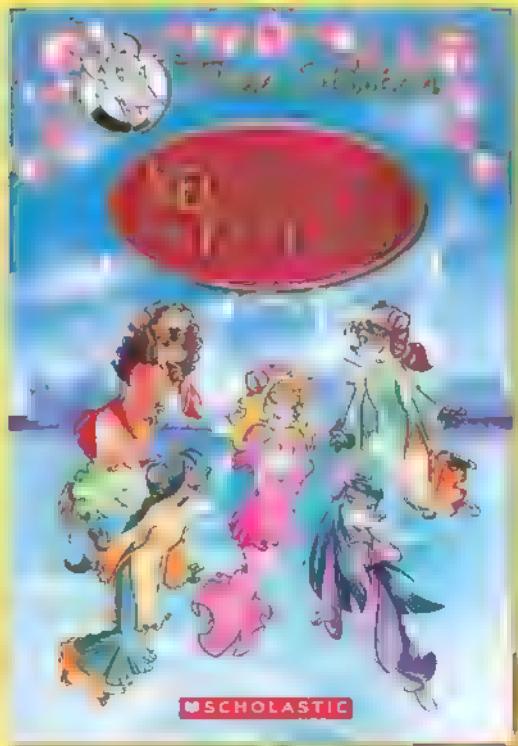
THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



Meet

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, Geronimo Stilton, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!** She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. I'm a real **traidy** mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **fascinating**. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **spooky** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



#1 The Haunted
Ghosts



#2 Meet Me in
Horrorwood



#3 Ghost Pirate
Treasure



#4 Return of the
Vampire

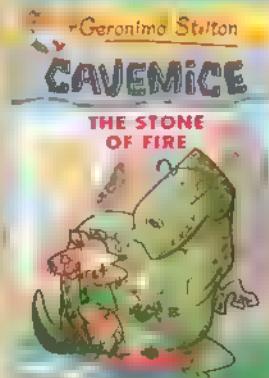
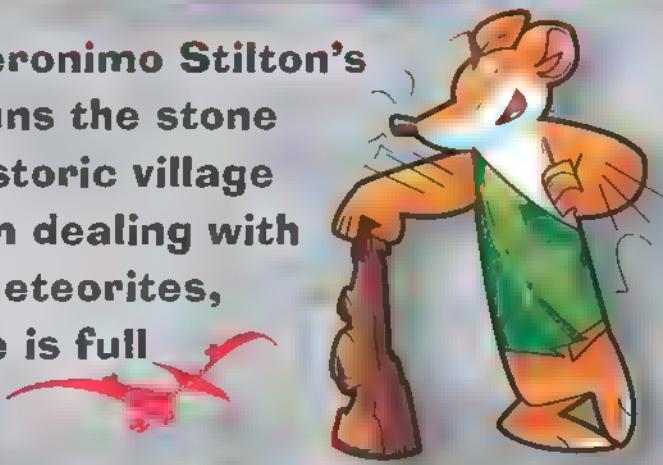


#5 Fright Night

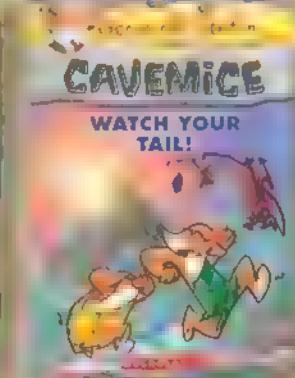


Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



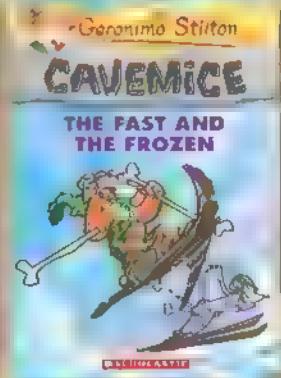
#1 The Stone
of Fire



#2 Watch Your
Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in
Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and
the Frozen





Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

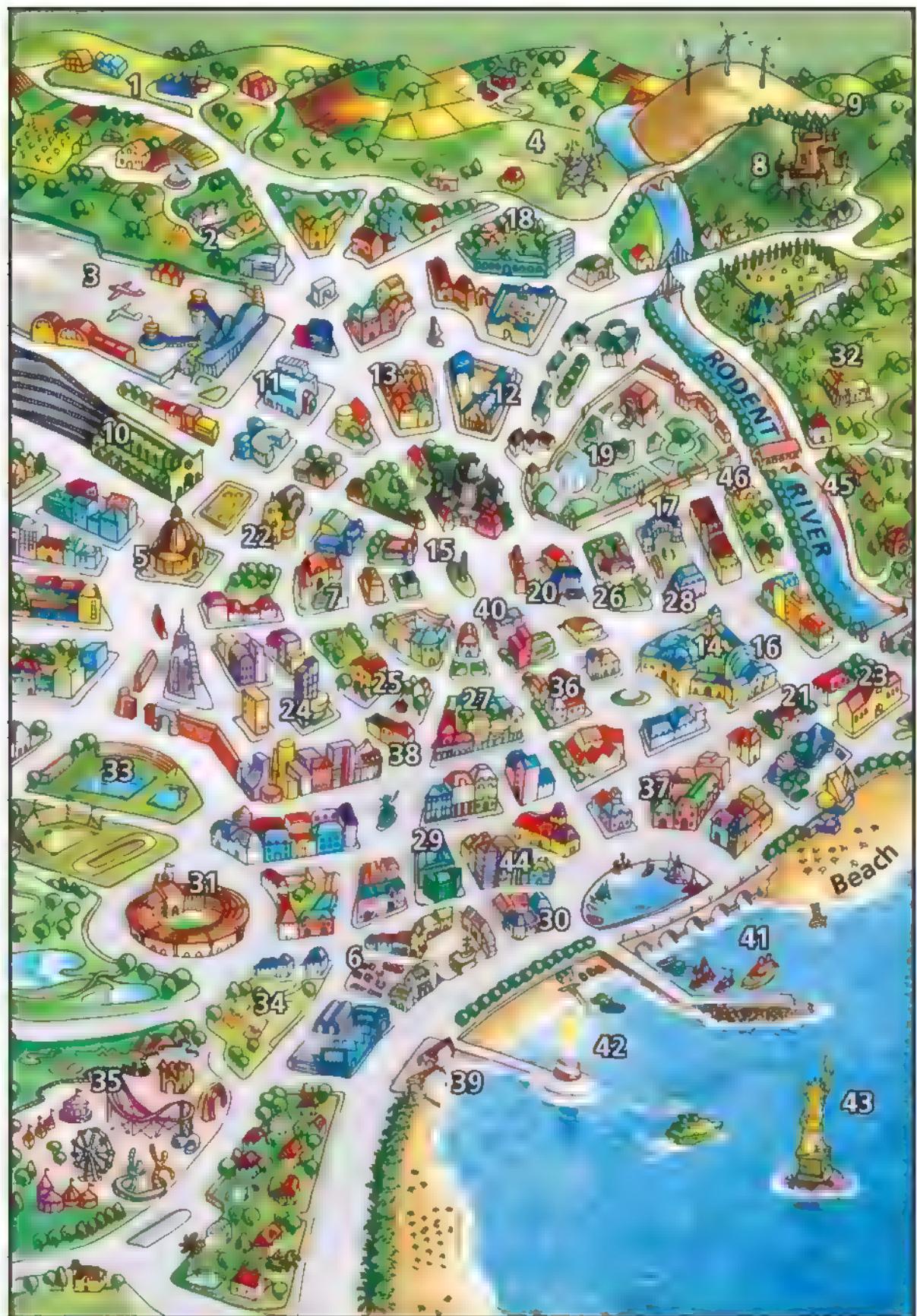
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International Airport
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza
16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
19. Botanical Gardens
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. *The Daily Rat*
25. *The Rodent's Gazette*
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House Restaurant
29. Environmental Protection Center
30. Harbor Office
31. Mousidon Square Garden
32. Golf Course
33. Swimming Pool
34. Tennis Courts
35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
36. Geronimo's House
37. Historic District
38. Public Library
39. Shipyard
40. Thea's House
41. New Mouse Harbor
42. Luna Lighthouse
43. The Statue of Liberty
44. Hercule Poirat's Office
45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
46. Grandfather William's House

Briand's Isle



Tomcat Island



Coral Reefs

This way
to the Mousific
Ocean



Stray
Cat
Harbor

San Mouscisco

Mousefort Beach

Furflung Island

This way to the Rodent Straits



Pirate Ship
of Cats

—



Cat's
Claw
Bay

Panther
Archipelago

Swissville

This way
to the
Ratlantic Ocean



New Mouse City



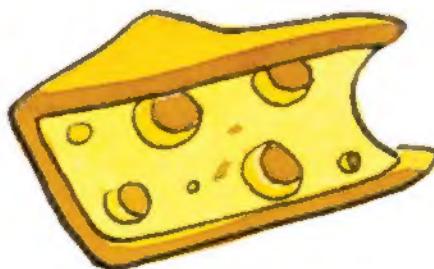
MOUSE ISLAND

This way to the Sea of Mice



Map of Mouse Island

1. Big Ice Lake	21. Lake Lakelake
2. Frozen Fur Peak	22. Lake Lakelakelake
3. Slipperyslopes Glacier	23. Cheddar Crag
4. Coldcreeps Peak	24. Cannycat Castle
5. Ratzikistan	25. Valley of the Giant
6. Transratania	Sequoia
7. Mount Vamp	26. Cheddar Springs
8. Roastedrat Volcano	27. Sulfurous Swamp
9. Brimstone Lake	28. Old Reliable Geyser
10. Poopedcat Pass	29. Vole Vale
11. Stinko Peak	30. Ravingrat Ravine
12. Dark Forest	31. Gnat Marshes
13. Vain Vampires Valley	32. Munster Highlands
14. Goose Bumps Gorge	33. Mousehara Desert
15. The Shadow Line Pass	34. Oasis of the
16. Penny Pincher Castle	Sweaty Camel
17. Nature Reserve Park	35. Cabbagehead Hill
18. Las Ratayas Marinas	36. Rattytrap Jungle
19. Fossil Forest	37. Rio Mosquito
20. Lake Lake	



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

A FABUMOUSE SCHOOL ADVENTURE

When my nephew, Benjamin, invited me to Career Day at his school, things did not turn out the way I expected. I caused a volcanic explosion, got stuck in the tunnel slide on the playground, and accidentally let the class's pet gecko out of its cage! Rat munching rattlesnakes—how was I going to get myself out of this mess?

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geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

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